

The Listener

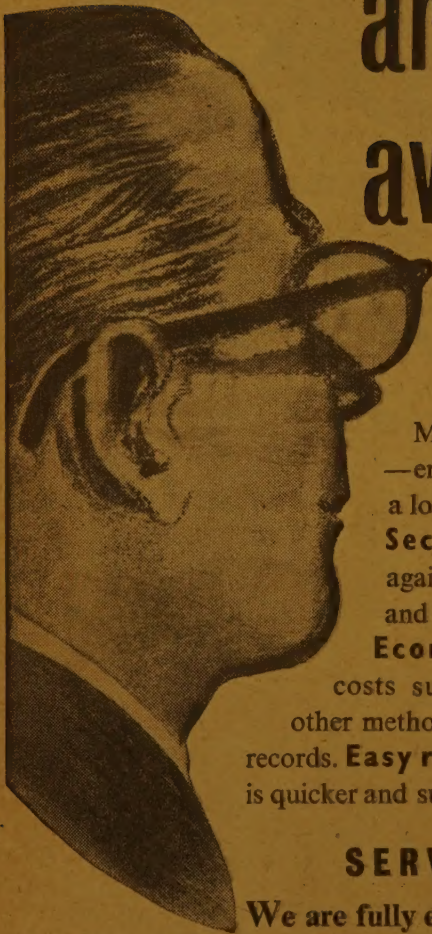
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Drawn for THE LISTENER by Edward Bishop, R.B.A.

Summer Book Number

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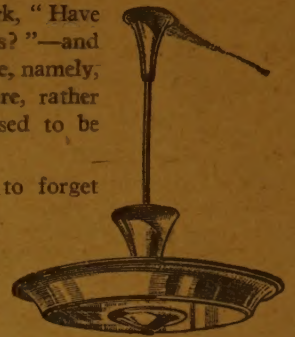


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Mr. Eden's Initiative at Geneva

By WILLIAM PICKLES

IN the past few years, we have all read a great many articles and listened to a great many speeches by people who talked about the need for Britain to 'give a lead for peace' or 'take the initiative in bringing about a better atmosphere', or some phrase of that kind. Well, it has happened. Britain has got the initiative at Geneva at the present moment*, and I hope the people who have been clamouring for it are happier about that fact than I am.

There can be no doubt, I think, that the most active and the most useful person at the Geneva Conference this last fortnight has been Mr. Eden. 'That dreadful young man who wants peace', as he was called when he first went to Geneva twenty-odd years ago, is doing all that can be done, by integrity, patience, moderation, skill, and a great knowledge of world affairs, to try to bring peace nearer in Indo-China, where there is still a hope that the Geneva conference can do something. And yet I cannot rejoice wholeheartedly about this particular piece of British initiative as I should like to, because there ought never to have been any room for British initiative in this case. It has all been possible, in my view at any rate, not because of this country's power or because of the respect we inspire in the world, but simply because America, which does have the power that commands respect and makes initiatives fruitful, has been too foolish or too ill-prepared to do the job that she ought to have been doing. And—what is more important—the same reasons that prevented America from taking the initiatives she could have taken, may yet bring all this British initiative to nothing.

Look at what Mr. Eden has been doing, and why. He has been dashing backwards and forwards from lunch with Mr. Molotov and Mr. Chou En-lai to dinner with M. Bidault and Mr. Foster Dulles or his deputy, Mr. Bedell Smith. It has been more than worth while, but it was made necessary only by the fact that the American representatives refused to negotiate with Mr. Chou En-lai, or to attend any meeting at which a Chinese representative was present along with Russians, French, and British, because that would have made China look like

an 'inviting', instead of an 'invited' power, and the whole affair would have looked like a five-power meeting, which America has said she will not have. So Mr. Eden has to be the hyphen between a two-power meeting and a three-power meeting, and everybody has to pretend that two powers plus three powers do not add up to five powers.

And the reason why Mr. Eden, instead of somebody else, has been kept running backwards and forwards in this way is no more encouraging. It is, of course, that Britain is the only western power in Geneva to accept the fact that the communists really are the Government of China. Our motives in recognising China were not as pure and high-minded as they might have been. We were thinking as much of trade as of peace, and the Chinese have shown neither gratitude nor courtesy nor even equal good sense in return, but we have at least the satisfaction of having looked a fact in the face and of having kept the Geneva Conference going, by that simple act of common sense.

Yet it is still true that the prospects of something good coming out of the Geneva Conference would be a great deal brighter if Britain's initiative had never been needed. No amount of British initiative will do any good if Russia or China or the United States do not want peace enough to pay the price for it. I do not mean by that that I have any doubts at all about America's desire for peace. That fact, as I see it, that many Americans have worked themselves up over China to the point of behaving childishly should not allow us to get the whole picture out of proportion. China and Russia have been guilty of aggression and support for aggression. America has not. On the contrary, she has sacrificed millions of dollars and tens of thousands of lives purely for the sake of collective security, in Korea, a part of the world which had no strategic value to her at all. All the rest of the democratic countries together cannot equal that record. And since America has sacrificed so much for collective security, it would be all the more tragic if her obstinacy over China were now to become the only remaining obstacle to peace in Indo-China.

* Broadcast on May 17

That stage has not yet come, but it could come because there is now a ray of hope amid the Geneva gloom. And the hope is owing, in this case, to a real British initiative, of the kind about which we can genuinely rejoice, though some of those who have been calling for British initiative do not seem happy about it. Real initiative, useful initiative, is possible only to countries which have something some others have not got. Military strength or geographical situation or great wealth can all make it possible. Britain no longer has those, but she has got her position in the Commonwealth, her centuries of diplomatic skill, and the credit she acquired in Asia from giving freedom to India, Pakistan, Ceylon, and Burma. And Mr. Eden has used these with great skill, in an effort to get over one of the obstacles to peace in Indo-China.

Let me go back a bit, to make myself clear. There are three main hurdles for the Indo-China peacemakers to get over. The first is the cease-fire; the second the more permanent settlement, and the third the guarantees of that settlement, if it is ever reached. The cease-fire is not likely to come easily; the communists showed in Korea that they give way when they are being beaten, not when they are winning. It is that fact, and communist shilly-shallying over the wounded at Dien Bien Phu, that has led the French and the Americans to try to get agreement with other countries now to send armies to Indo-China, either immediately, or if the Geneva talks fail. You probably think that the wrong way to behave during a peace conference. So do I—but before you get angry with the Americans about it, you might remember the facts I have just mentioned. Unfortunately, however, there is another very big fact that is not on Mr. Dulles' side, and that is Asian opinion, which is certain to see any plan for more foreign intervention now as mere colonialism.

That is where Mr. Eden's move comes in. He has jumped the first two stages and started work on the third. His idea, I suspect, and I am sure it is right, is that it will be easier to get an armistice if a political settlement is in sight, and easier to get a political settlement if everybody concerned knows in advance that there is a proper collective security arrangement all ready, to see that the settlement is respected by both sides. So Mr. Eden has asked the three Asian members of the Commonwealth—India, Pakistan, and Ceylon—if they would be willing to

guarantee any settlement that is reached. And they have agreed, though Mr. Nehru has specified that India must first be asked by both sides.

I do not believe, and I do not suppose that western representatives at Geneva believe either, that guarantees from India, Pakistan, and Ceylon would be enough. Guaranteeing a peace settlement by collective security means accumulating enough armed force on both sides, and having it readily enough available, to prevent either side from trying any new aggression. We feel more secure in Europe, and war seems more remote, because the Atlantic Treaty powers have built up armed strength big enough to hold up any sudden communist aggression. If the peoples of Indo-China and their neighbours in south-east Asia are to have the same sense of security, some collective-security arrangement will be needed there. But China has the biggest army in the world, backed by the enormous Russian armament industry, and our three Asian Commonwealth partners between them cannot possibly raise armies big enough to hold up the Chinese steam-roller, if it starts moving. Perhaps a solution can be found in some kind of two-tier arrangement, in which the Asian Powers have the first responsibility for supervising the peace settlement, but with the armed strength of the United States, Britain, France, Australia, and New Zealand standing behind, ready to help if called on, and so making it much less likely that they ever would be called on.

One scarcely dares to hope for it, but there does seem now to be just a chance that something like that can be brought off, perhaps because Russia and China are more interested at the moment in trade than in conquest. Anyhow, Russia and the Indo-China communists have both been less unreasonable on some points than it was feared they might be, and France and her Indo-China friends have gone more than a step to meet them. Most important of all, all the countries concerned have dropped their debating-society speeches in the public conference and gone into private session, where real bargaining can be done. If something does come of this, it certainly will not decrease British burdens, nor will anybody love us for it, because peacemakers are always unpopular with both sides. I hope all the people who have wanted a British initiative will think, all the same, that it was worth while. I am sure all the rest of us will.—*Home Service*

The Meaning of the Change in the Bank Rate

By ALAN PEACOCK

THE method used by the Government to carry out the aims of our economic policy depends partly on its views on how the burden of recovery shall be shared among different economic groups, and partly on the technical advice of economists and other specialists. Take the case of inflation—our old friend too much money chasing too few goods. The Government can cut down the level of spending which causes inflation in a variety of ways. It can reduce our income by taxation, without at the same time increasing its own spending. It can ration foodstuffs for the consumer and raw materials for the business enterprise. But it can also alter the terms by which people can borrow in order to have funds to spend. This last method, altering the terms of borrowing, is particularly important in the case where businesses or persons want to buy such things as industrial plant or, say, houses which cannot be bought very readily out of current income.

The interesting thing about this view of the terms of borrowing is that it has been out of fashion for some time. This is partly the result of the influence of Lord Keynes and some of his followers. They emphasise the use of fiscal policy, that is, the use of taxes as a method of altering spending power. Moreover, when the Labour Government was in office it was very much against moving the terms of borrowing upwards because that obviously favoured lenders, bankers, and rentiers, rather than borrowers, workers, and nationalised industries. I think that what has changed the minds of some economists at least is not so much the fact that they think that altering the terms of borrowing has a profound effect on spending at home compared with taxation, but that it does have a big effect on the confidence of foreigners in respect of our international economic policy. Thus, if you want foreigners to borrow from us or to lend to us, according to our economic position, altering the terms of borrowing seemed to be an effective method of doing this.

Technically, the bank rate now fixed at three per cent. only, tells us

the terms on which the Bank of England will lend to very specialised financial institutions. However, changes in the bank rate are generally the signal for changes in the terms of borrowing all round. Why then make it easier to borrow at the moment? It could be that the Government wants to encourage persons and industries to borrow more freely. But I do not think this is the reason. There does not seem to be any indication that industry is short of funds, and little to indicate that many of us who are used to buying on hire-purchase are going to get easier terms from the vacuum-cleaner salesman or the furniture shop. No; I am inclined to think that the main factor which has brought the rate down is connected with our international position. Recently our interest rates have been much higher than those in other countries and so foreign lenders have been anxious to be our creditors. But our balance of payments position is for the moment very satisfactory, so we do not have to attract foreign money in order to see us through our currency difficulties. But a fall in bank rate makes borrowing more attractive, and Commonwealth countries may well take advantage of the general lowering of interest rates to seek capital from us. This might put additional strain on our balance of payments.

But one thing must not be forgotten about the bank rate. It can be altered frequently by a bland announcement from the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. It is an interesting reflection on our constitution that parliament keeps a close watch on tax changes, and does not like to make them without adequate discussion and a strict legislative procedure, but a movement in the bank rate which may affect the fortunes of all, just as taxes do, remains the prerogative of the Bank and the Treasury. While it may be three per cent. today, we have no reason to suppose it will remain there, and my guess is that balance of payments difficulties may make it necessary to raise the bank rate again before the year is out.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

A Journey to 'Free Kashmir'

By WILLIAM CLARK

ONE of the limitations of visiting India and Pakistan in recent years has been that everyone talks about one subject—the Kashmir problem. Whether you are trying to discuss irrigation or Islam, foreign affairs or population problems, before you get down to the subject you have first to go through your quarter of an hour on Kashmir. The subject is such a King Charles' head, so everlastingly recurrent in and out of context, that it is difficult not to think of it as rather a joke. But when I was visiting Pakistan a few weeks ago I could not help realising that even today, six years after the dispute began, it is still the great issue that divides India and Pakistan, a main cause of the Commonwealth's extreme weakness in that vital area of south Asia.

I am not going to explain the Kashmir problem, I am not even going to produce a solution of it. But I have had the problem explained to me so often, and so many solutions expounded, that I felt that I must see something for myself, and find out just what the partition of Kashmir looked like on the spot. That is what I want to describe: Kashmir as I saw it—not as it has been explained to me by lawyers, or in six-hour speeches at the United Nations, or in thick, glossy pamphlets. It so happened that when I decided to do this I was in Pakistan, so that I had to go to that part of divided Kashmir which is in Pakistan hands, though the best-known section—the Vale of Kashmir, which is the great magnet for tourists—is in Indian hands. It was a fortunate accident, because as a result I went to an area where few English people or journalists of any nationality have been in recent years; and I had one of the most fascinating journeys in my life.

It is not easy to get to Azad Kashmir—that is, Free Kashmir—as Pakistan calls its section, because there are no railways up into the mountains, and there are no airfields. So I took the night express up from Lahore to Rawalpindi—what memories of *burra sahibs* and irate colonels that garrison town evokes—and then went on by car towards the capital of Azad Kashmir, perhaps the least-known capital city in the world, Muzaffarabad.

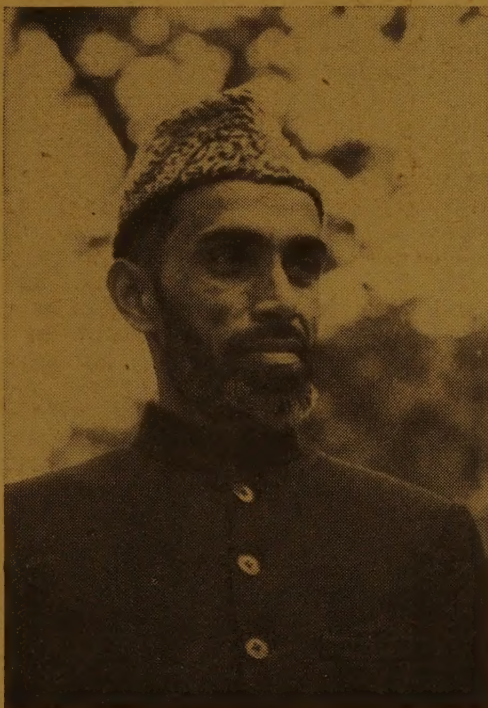
The road out of Rawalpindi towards the mountains is one of the trunk roads built by the British which has a metalled strip broad enough for one car, and on either side is a wide, dusty path, filled with the astonish-

ingly diverse mass of men and their animals which made me realise what is meant by the term 'pressure of population'. We bowled along in the car, scattering flocks of sheep and goats and herds of asses, and every now and again being forced off the road ourselves by a bullock cart whose stately pace could not get it out of the way in time. As we got further from the town, the bicycles and horses and carts became less numerous; there was only an occasional camel train plodding along.

The road was climbing rapidly, the surface was getting worse, the countryside became more and more deserted. An occasional vulture, waiting in hopeful expectation of disaster, was now our only spectator. Snow began to appear in the gullies and then more generally, but still we climbed, and soon we were driving along a snow-covered and horribly skiddy ledge on the side of a mountain. Suddenly, as we came round a corner, there was a barrier of oil drums across the road. It was a hold up, I was convinced, and my fears were not dispelled when a big bearded fellow with a rifle came up to the car. He flashed something white at me and said 'Sign'. It was, I confess, more of a relief than an anti-climax to discover that it was just that I had arrived at the frontier of the free and independent State of Kashmir, and was being asked to put my signature to the statement that I had nothing to declare.

My first view of the capital city was equally unexpected. My driver and I had been digging our way through a landslide which had covered the road. I gathered from the driver, who spoke a little English, that such occurrences were common. 'When mountain fall on road', he explained, 'trouble, not dangerous, but when road fall off mountain, dangerous': and, glancing over the edge down 7,000 or 8,000 feet, I saw what he meant. In fact, I was so discouraged that when we had cleared

a passage just wide enough for the car I walked on ahead, leaving the driver alone to manoeuvre his way along the obviously disintegrating piece of road. It was then, as I walked round the corner, that I saw Muzaffarabad. It lay far below, a cluster of houses, so like the stone and rock around that at first I thought it was simply a curious natural formation. The town was not worth a second glance, but what was impressive was that for the first time for many miles the valley was cultivated. On such steep cliffs it is only



Colonel Ali Ahmed Shah, President of Azad Kashmir

Below: Muzaffarabad, the capital city



possible to grow crops by cutting small, flat terraces into the slope. This had been done, not just near the houses down at the bottom but for thousands of feet up the almost vertical sides of the valley. On every terrace the wheat was just showing above the ground. As I looked down at Muzzafarabad that spring evening, it seemed as if green carpeted stairs had been laid sweeping down to the town in its remote mountain fastness.

It was dark by the time we reached the government guest house where I was to stay, and I was glad to get to bed in a room rather ominously decorated with signed photographs of the various United Nations' mediators who had failed to solve the Kashmir problem.

Far too early next morning I was awoken by bagpipes playing 'Loch Lomond': it took me a long time to remember where I was, and even when I remembered I was hopelessly puzzled. Why bagpipes, in Kashmir? The answer was that a detachment of the Baluchistan Rifles were marching out of their camp, and I was suddenly reminded that there was still a war, a cold war, going on in this remote and beautiful Shangri-La. The troops, trained years ago by Scottish regiments, were marching off for a military exercise. As I walked through the town to the government offices I saw plenty of reminders that a hot war had been fought there in 1948. At that time the town, so I was told, had been virtually destroyed by air raids. Today, certainly, it consists of little but a set of mud boxes, which are houses, and of mud cupboards, open on one side, which are the shops. The government offices, the Whitehall of Azad Kashmir, are amongst the few remaining brick buildings. I gathered that the compound used to be the district court and the lock-up; certainly many of the offices retained even today the atmosphere of cells.

This was true even of the office of the President of the Azad Kashmir Republic. His room was small, square, and white-washed; it had a single narrow window and a door covered by rush matting. The only decoration was a vast calendar supplied by the Hamadryad Steam Printing Co., surmounted by a picture of a bold military figure. The President himself was a somewhat crumpled person in a brown suit, seated at a desk on which was still clearly stencilled 'H.M. Office of Works Grade IV'. He gave me a long account of the wrongs Kashmir had suffered, and of the evils of the present partition of his country. As I came to leave, I asked him how he thought these wrongs might be righted. 'By the United Nations', he replied unhelpfully, 'or by our own efforts', and he drew himself up as he spoke so that for the first time I realised that the military picture on the calendar was of him.

That interview was typical of many I had in Muzzafarabad. The Government of Azad Kashmir is really a sort of government in exile; it claims the right to govern the whole of Kashmir, but it is confined to a small strip of its own territory, and, like many exile governments, it has too much time for intrigue and backbiting. But beneath all that there is a burning patriotism, a flaming resentment that their country is divided, a contempt for the United Nations which has failed to solve their problems, or—as they see it—to force India to allow a plebiscite. One thing that struck me most forcibly was how convinced everyone was that their side would win by ballot or by bullet. There is complete readiness on the part of Azad Kashmir to accept a plebiscite under almost any conditions because they believe, passionately, that their brothers on the other side of the line would vote to join Moslem Pakistan and to escape from the control of Hindu India. I have no

way of knowing if they are right. Equally, though, the people in Muzzafarabad make no secret of the fact that they would welcome a chance to conquer Kashmir by force of arms. Again they are convinced that every real Kashmiri would join their side, and that the might of India could not prevail against them in their own mountains.

It was an extraordinary contrast to go from this explosive atmosphere of passion and prejudice to the cool reasonableness of the United Nations observers. Their local headquarters were in one of the Maharajah's old bungalows on the edge of town, where I was greeted by an Australian, who was the chief officer, and his three assistants, two Danes and one Chilean. All of them spoke in English and had been working together as a team for nearly a year. As we sat on the verandah sipping tea I kept on being amazed by the contrast between this quiet clearing of calm, suspended judgement and the jungle of passions in the town. The United Nations teams spend alternate periods of three months on each side of the cease-fire line, and they have cultivated neutrality on the crucial problems with which they have to deal until, I felt, each of them is wrapped in a cocoon of restraint.

It is their job to see that the complicated terms of the 1949 armistice are observed; that there are no military installations within a mile of the cease-fire line; that the number of troops in the area is not built up; and of course, that the cease-fire line itself is not violated. It is not an easy task because, as I saw when I drove farther up into the mountains, the cease-fire line is not in fact properly demarcated. Here it is a gully, there a stream, and it is easy for genuine mistakes to occur. Also, inevitably, a number of cattle stray across this man-made line, and one of the functions the United Nations observers have undertaken is to help restore lost cattle, since they alone can easily cross the cease-fire line. Day after day, month after month, and now year after year, these observers from distant lands jolt over the terrain in their jeeps keeping the peace of Asia, treating bitter foes with the same impartial good will. One of the Danes drove me back to town on his way to the cease-fire line, and as I looked back at his three colleagues neatly tidying away the tea things I thought of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace of this passionate dispute, and how, in the



United Nations observers on their way to patrol the cease-fire line in Kashmir

words of the Bible, 'were they not consumed, nor was the smell of fire upon them'.

But I wondered as I came to leave Muzzafarabad, how long can we keep this cauldron from boiling over? How long here in Kashmir (or in Korea, or in Germany) can we maintain peace by artificial lines which divide men even from their homes? As I was packing to go, the porter told me how he had served with the British Army in France in 1916, and how with his gratuity he had bought a farm in the Vale of Kashmir. All his work and savings and his two sons' work had gone into that farm: now he felt he was a refugee and his two sons were training in the army, 'to get back my home', he said. He carried my bags out into the car as we prepared for another nightmare journey through the mountains. As we moved off the porter waved and shouted: 'Come back, sir, come back soon and I'll take you to see my home'.

—Home Service

Penguin Books are now issuing simultaneously six volumes from the oeuvre of Arnold Bennett. They are *The Old Wives' Tale*, *Clayhanger*, and *The Journals* at 3s. 6d. each; *Riceman Steps*, *Anna of the Five Towns*, and *The Grand-Babylon Hotel* at 2s. each.

Church and Race in South Africa

By NORMAN GOODALL

AMONGST other pleasant memories of South Africa I recall the few days I spent in a very gracious home in Cape Town. My host and hostess were a fine couple: sensitive, courteous, deeply troubled about the growing tensions over the race problem. They think about the problem as Christians; convinced, practising Christians. They care for the Africans as well as for Africa. The African servant girl in their home would be broken-hearted if she had to leave. She is devoted to the family and they are deeply attached to her. It was in this home that my hostess said to me: 'Is it true that in England you would have Africans sitting at table with you and even sleeping as guests under the same roof? You know, it would take an awful lot for that to happen here. I'm not quite sure that I could bring myself to accept it, even if I could see it becoming possible in this country'.

Closer Integration of Black and White

A year ago the Church to which this family belongs—the Congregational Union of South Africa—declared through its General Assembly that it was their

considered opinion that the African people must be regarded as an integral part of our social structure . . . Any modification of the present educational system should prepare them for closer integration in the social system rather than separate development.

The family I have referred to is whole-heartedly in favour of that declaration. These people are, in fact, working hard—through political action, through civic and social service—to hasten the closer integration of black and white in a common social system.

The Church which made that declaration has been in the forefront of the movement for racial equality. Its General Assembly is a mixed assembly of Africans, coloureds, and whites. Yet it is possible for loyal, sincere members of such a church to be aware of a stop in the mind—or in the instincts—when it comes to carrying the principle of racial equality to its logical conclusion. To some extent this same ambiguity is to be seen in the practice of the churches. The larger assemblies of other churches in South Africa include strong African participation. But at the parish or congregational level the normal thing is for white and black to worship separately. Such factors as language and location partly account for this, but there are other elements, too, and sooner or later there crops up that instinctive reaction which showed itself in the question of my kind hostess. From a distance it is easy to wax indignant about this. It is tempting to multiply tales of these inconsistencies for satirical or cynical ends. But there is something more important than this: it is the necessity for recognising that this whole racial business goes far deeper than we casually assume and that it is more complex than most of our slogans imply. If we are really enmeshed in it at close quarters, we run into factors—in the situation itself and especially in our own make-up—which result in all sorts of hesitations, ambiguities, and contradictions.

I am not saying this to excuse the kind of thing I have illustrated. Still less do I want to tone down the indignation which is justifiably aroused in us by any new instance of racial discrimination. It is as well to remember that there are thousands of Africans who are becoming more and more indignant because they can scarcely get through a single day without meeting this problem in personal terms. For them, plausible explanations do not go anything like as deep as the level on which they have been hurt. I cannot easily forget an evening I spent in an African home in one of the Johannesburg townships. The company included two doctors, two teachers, two social workers, a civil servant, and a minister—all Africans. Most of them were accompanied by their wives, well-educated women. I listened to comments and questions for several hours: a good-humoured, forceful, intelligent conversation, almost entirely dealing with the race problem and the disabilities of Africans. Despite the good humour and unfailing courtesy, there was no doubt about the deep-seated sense of grievance from which all these were suffering. As I said goodbye to my African hostess, she said to me: 'Do you realise now how badly we feel about it?' I think I did:

and it was not just fear of what might happen if a great people kick over the traces; it was shame that we are letting this problem beat us and are not giving ourselves, with greater depth of thought and courage of action, to its solution. But if we try to delude ourselves with the idea that the solution is a simple one, that we provide it by shouting a little louder at South Africa or putting all the blame on the Dutch, we are making a sad mistake and are in danger of aggravating, rather than easing or solving, one of the greatest problems of our time.

The Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa takes the line that this problem goes so deep that there is no solution of it as long as the races are mixed up with one another, in society, in industry, in politics. The complete segregation of the races is the only way, they say, to avert disaster of one sort or another. The Dutch Reformed Church is the strongest European church in the country; its membership is well over half the white population of the Union. Through its admirable missionary work it has been instrumental in bringing a large number of African churches into existence. These churches are organised separately from the white ones, though they are served by white missionaries, and between the two groups of churches—African and Afrikaner—there is contact through a liaison committee at the top ecclesiastical level. It is common knowledge that Dr. Malan was a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church. Other members of his Government are closely identified with it; in fact it is often said that the policy of the Nationalist Government is only the logical political outcome of the theology of the Dutch Reformed Church. This theology, at any rate in the form it has taken for many years past, requires—not merely countenances—the separation of the races in Church and State. This necessity, it is held, does not rest upon human opinion or depend on expediency for its sanction. Its authority can be found in Scripture, and life itself presents us with deep diversities that are part of the nature of man and the constitution of this world. Like all theological viewpoints, this doctrine has various exponents in the Dutch Reformed churches and they may differ from one another in some important emphases; but it would not be unfair to take as typical of this general attitude a recent utterance by Dominie C. B. Brink, the Moderator of the Church of the Transvaal:

To create a cosmos, God separated things: light from darkness, waters above the firmament from waters under the firmament, dry land from the sea. All living creatures, too, he created according to their kind. Man appears from the hand of his Maker diverse as man and woman. Not uniformity without differences, therefore, but a multiplicity containing rich diversity—such is the way of creation . . . The rise and continuance of separate peoples and nations is, according to Scripture, in accordance with the Will of God . . . Even in the Church of Christ, the Gospel did not abolish differences in endowment, nature, culture, between the different racial groups. Any attempt to ignore this will be an attempt to build another Tower of Babel.

Two Separate Civilisations?

It is not difficult to see the connection between this theological position and political and social *apartheid*. This strong negative element in the doctrine of separateness is, however, only one side of the matter: in recent years the Dutch Reformed churches have been emphasising another aspect of *apartheid* which, in its implications, goes further than the present policy of the South African Government. At a conference in Bloemfontein in 1950 the churches placed a great deal of emphasis on the positive meaning of *apartheid* for the Africans. In effect they said: the policy of segregation or *apartheid* is not a defence of white society against black; it is a defence of both against the dangers of mixing; it is intended to set both free to achieve their full and independent development, to work out their own God-given destiny. The logic of this is that sooner or later white society in South Africa must forgo its dependence on black labour. Two separate civilisations, each becoming, it is hoped, more and more Christian, is the ultimate goal.

This does not altogether fit in with the views of the industrialists in South Africa—or even the views of the average housewife, whether

Afrikaans- or English-speaking. Soon after the Bloemfontein conference, government spokesmen said that this version of *apartheid* might be an ideal but it could never become practical politics. But in fairness to the Dutch Reformed churches, this is the accepted logic of their theological position. A few months ago I was at another conference in Pretoria. At this conference the Dutch Reformed churches had invited leaders of the other churches to confer with them on this business of race; and I there heard some powerful and often moving expositions of the theological basis of *apartheid*. It was defended with an obvious concern for the African and his future no less than for that of the Afrikaner.

That is one view of the matter, held with deep conviction by a large part of the white population of the Union of South Africa. On the basis of it, an enormous amount of generous work is done for the Africans, not only missionary and philanthropic work but state-aided education, social services, and so on.

Dissensions from the Dutch Reformed View

The other churches almost unanimously dissent from this Dutch Reformed theology of race. As indicated by statements from which I have already quoted, *apartheid* is affirmed by these to be fundamentally wrong. The absolute separateness of the races, it is held, is a policy which can never be put into effect; economic necessity—the whole current of things—is against it. But more than this, it is contended, *apartheid* is based on a theology which attaches greater significance to differences of race and culture than to the unity of mankind in Christ and to the fellowship which springs from this unity. It is therefore held to be wrong theologically. Life presents us with diversities—yes; but they are within a fundamental unity, the unity of mankind in Christ. Not 'separation' but 'togetherness' is the key to the purpose of God for humanity. I have reminded you that the churches which proclaim this alternative doctrine in South Africa are not wholly successful in showing their members how to live up to it consistently; but it must not be assumed that these declarations are all words, never backed up by conduct. That would be a most unfair travesty of the situation.

The illustration with which I began is important; it reminds us that in this matter we are dealing with instincts that go deeper than good verbal resolutions, and that racial prejudice does not belong to one section of the community only. But the fact remains that within the life of the churches which are theologically opposed to *apartheid* there is a large amount of practical co-operation as well as genuine friendship between black and white. There are Diocesan Councils and other church bodies in which Africans equal or exceed Europeans numerically; they share responsibility in the life and work of the Church on equal terms with their white colleagues. From these churches—Anglican, Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian—there has also come a good deal of the leadership which, in political and public affairs, has championed the more liberal policies.

What, then, is a fair summary of the church situation in South Africa in regard to this problem of race? Is it simply that, on the one hand, there is one great Church—the Dutch Reformed—standing rigidly for a position which inevitably leads to *apartheid* in politics and society; while, on the other hand, the rest of the churches, despite some inconsistencies, oppose to this a more liberal view of the matter?

No; the picture can no longer be as sharply drawn as this. A few years ago there was published in Afrikaans a book which has recently reached this country in an English version. It is called *Colour: the Unsolved Problem of the West*. Its author, Dr. Ben Marais, is a notable Dutch Reformed scholar who criticises the theological position of his own Church. He agrees that for practical purposes a large measure of separation between the races is wise; it is expedient in the interests of both. But it is no more than this—merely expedient. In his view, it does not square with the New Testament or even with the theological position of the Dutch Reformed churches during the greater part of their history. It cannot have the finality which has been claimed for it theologically. It is interesting to note that since the publication of this book, and in spite of the controversy it has aroused, Dr. Marais has been appointed to a Chair in the Theological Faculty of the University of Pretoria.

More recently, another distinguished leader in the Dutch Reformed Church made a remarkable statement which went even further than Dr. Marais' book. This was Professor Keet of Stellenbosch University, and he was speaking at the conference in Pretoria which I attended. He, too, refuted the notion that *apartheid* can be sanctioned by Scrip-

ture or by the classical theology of the Christian Church. And as for the cry that Christian civilisation must be defended against the threat of barbarism, he repudiated the notion that this issue could be posed in terms of colour. The term 'barbarism' he argued, could not be equated simply with the more primitive cultures; nor could the word 'civilisation' be confined to the white races.

Even if it be true that the white races were the bearers of our western civilisation, it remains equally true that the coloured races of the world were civilised long before the white. In any case the identification of colour with civilisation is not correct and it cannot be held that there is any essential connection between them. If we merely look at the terms in general use in everyday life, we shall realise how deeply this wrong impression has penetrated. We speak of the 'black danger' and of a 'black flood' that threatens to engulf our 'white civilisation', sometimes also of 'our Christian white civilisation' when in reality we mean true civilisation as against barbarism or the lack of Christianity in whites as well as coloureds.

On the fundamental question, Professor Keet went on:

In reality there is only one *apartheid* known to Scripture, and that is the separation from sin, not from our fellow human beings, least of all from our brethren in Christ, for in Him there is not Jew and Greek, slave and free, but Christ is all and in all. I do not believe that anything may bring separation here.

Do such utterances as these mean that churches hitherto held to be conservative in their doctrine of race are coming over to the liberal position for which other churches have stood? Again, there is more in it than this. For men like Marais and Keet, while outspokenly critical of their own Church's position, are far from satisfied with the line taken by the other churches. I heard some of this dissatisfaction expressed in Pretoria. It turned mainly on two points. First, it said in effect: 'You so-called "liberal" people do not take seriously enough your own inconsistencies in this matter. What lies behind them? Is it, after all, fear—the fear with which you charge us? If so, what has your alternative doctrine or policy to say to that, and how are you dealing with it?' Secondly: 'You remain much too vague about the positive alternative to *apartheid*. Is it an indiscriminate mixing, a merging of different cultures in something that is less distinctive than either? If not, what do you really mean by partnership, or by co-operation?'

The Heart of the Matter

Questions like this seem to me to go close to the heart of the matter. I came away from the Pretoria conference with the feeling that in both 'camps'—to put it so—the force of these questions was recognised with fresh sharpness. Further, it seemed to me of enormous importance that they were now being faced by the churches together at a depth which was more promising than anything which had happened for a long time in this field. What is more, in this discussion there was common agreement that the biggest questions at issue could not be answered by the white section of the population alone; not even by the white acting as 'trustees' for the black. I would add that they cannot be answered by the Africans alone, asserting their views of the matter over against the white, which is what tends to happen when the African churches discuss this matter, especially the hundreds of so-called 'Separatist' churches.

Therefore, it seemed to me of immense significance that this critical discussion in Pretoria closed with a decision to adjourn until a further conference in which Africans will participate. Preparations are now in hand for that renewed discussion. Whether conferences of this kind can lead to agreements in time to check the trend towards greater trouble in South Africa is the big open question of the moment; but at least the talks are on; and it is to be hoped that they will be followed by the rest of the world, not with the assumption that we can be detached observers—superior critics of these struggles—but with the knowledge that this great business in South Africa is but a more vivid and more momentous illustration of a universal problem.

—Third Programme

Although the *Commonwealth Universities Year Book 1954* is the thirty-first edition of this publication it is the first to be published by the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth whose address is 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. In addition to the Universities and Colleges contained in previous editions the present edition contains a full entry for Nova Scotia Agricultural College which is recognised as a member institution by the National Conference of Canadian Universities. This invaluable work of reference costs £3 3s.

The Merits of Convertibility

By PER JACOBSSON

MY definition of convertibility is a simple one: it is the return to free and effective exchange markets. This means being able to go into the market and buy currency without having first to obtain a permit from an official. So convertibility is the antithesis of exchange control. This is important because it stresses the fact that convertibility is part and parcel of a free economy, and that one cannot, therefore, discuss convertibility without all the other elements which make up a free economy.

The British attempt to restore a limited kind of convertibility of the pound in 1947 was a good illustration of the danger of attempting convertibility by itself. What happened in 1947 was this: under some rather regrettable provisions of the Anglo-American Loan Agreement of 1945, the attempt was made to introduce convertibility in the currency sphere before it had been introduced in other spheres of the economy. In fact, convertibility must not be thought of until a free economy with free markets is being restored over a wide field, and this in its turn is possible only in so far as headway has been made in getting rid of an excess of money. In 1947 we still had our war-time legacy of excess money in relation to available goods and we did not have a free market economy.

Time for a Second Attempt?

Since then we have made great progress. A free economy has been largely restored over a very wide field through the re-establishment of free commodity markets, and the end of rationing and the elimination of the excess money supply. I think, therefore, that we should not allow what happened in 1947 to deter us from making a second attempt at convertibility now. There is now not only in this country but in western Europe generally a liberalisation of trade internally and externally and the establishment of increasingly effective exchange markets with greater freedom to transfer funds. And, therefore, I think it is a safe bet that we shall see a return to convertibility as the final aim of a policy that we have already been pursuing for a considerable time.

But you may well ask me why we should aim at convertibility. My first answer will be the familiar reason given in the text books that convertibility helps to achieve increased trade and a higher degree of prosperity and so contribute to a rise in the standard of living. When free markets have been restored and when exchange rates are close to purchasing power parities one may expect the volume of trade to increase. These are the text book reasons and they are not wrong. I have found again and again in recent years that the text books are often more correct than the professors ever suspected. But the text book arguments in favour of convertibility are valid only if the monetary system as a whole is working tolerably well.

Before going on to this I would like to re-state some of the arguments in favour of convertibility which apply to particular groups of countries. First of all, the continent of Europe. On the Continent the freeing of the various economies from their war-time controls progressed at first rather more quickly than in Great Britain. I think there was a particular reason for this. In the continental countries the idea of controls was intimately associated in people's minds with the regime of totalitarian governments. Under the rules of Hitler and Mussolini the term 'control' had a very different connotation from what it had in Britain and it is not surprising that the European countries were anxious to get away from too much regulation. Controls to them seemed dangerously bureaucratic. Control by officials was part of the infringement of personal liberty, an infringement which has never been so acutely felt either in Britain or in my country, Sweden, as on the continent. Thus experience of the past helped to inspire the countries of the Continent in their efforts to restore a system of monetary freedom.

But considerations for the future led them in the same direction—towards a return to convertibility. For as foreign economic aid comes to an end, the various countries are becoming increasingly dependent on their own savings for the expansion of their economic activity. This presents a problem to them, for some of these countries have bitter memories of their currencies having dropped in value until they became

wellnigh worthless. Where this has happened it is unlikely that savings will recover or find their way into long-term investment until there is some confidence in future economic stability, and there is for these countries really no way to achieve a well-founded stability other than by a return to convertibility.

Germany's Spectacular Recovery

Another reason for the present keenness of continental countries to free their economic life from controls is the spectacular recovery which has been made by Germany. There can be no doubt that Dr. Erhard's policy of establishing a free economy in Germany has succeeded much better than most people expected, and this has made a tremendous impression on people's minds. Dr. Erhard is, of course, aware of this, and he now stands as one of the champions of progress towards convertibility. In his opinion the European Payments Union has exhausted most of its usefulness. It can do nothing to permit liberalisation of trade with the dollar area. For that it is necessary to aim at a wider system and then the solution can be found only in convertibility. He also thinks that convertibility represents the right form of financial integration in Europe. Europe can never be a closed area. It can achieve success only if it works in conjunction with other continents. So if we abandon E.P.U. it must not be in favour of a system which would tend to limit the European monetary area to six countries alone. Our aim should be, instead, to widen the sphere in which monetary settlements take place. This again would be possible only through a return to convertibility. No one wants to give up the European Payments Union unless to replace it by something wider and better.

I do not say that Dr. Erhard's views are shared by all those on the Continent who are concerned with these questions. One cannot talk of a common continental view, since there are many differences of opinion both between European countries and within the various countries themselves. I am sure, however, that in recent months the movement in favour of a general convertibility has gained ground—but, at the same time, there is no wish to take hasty action and especially not to give up the European Payments Union before the system with convertible currencies can be more firmly based.

The Two Pillars of Britain's Strength

Now let me come to some of the particular reasons why the United Kingdom must be anxious to restore convertibility. A German friend has been telling me for some time past that Great Britain's strength is supported by two pillars: the Crown and the pound sterling. The Crown was strengthened by the Coronation, and the pound will be strengthened by convertibility. These are lofty reasons, but there are others that point in the same direction: it is, indeed, doubtful whether the United Kingdom will maintain its position in world monetary affairs and as the head of the sterling area if the pound does not again become a convertible currency. A return to convertibility and non-discrimination in trade will mean that British industrialists will be able to buy in the cheapest markets, be they at home or abroad. The case of the Swiss is a good example of the importance of this. One reason for the economic strength of Switzerland in the post-war world has undoubtedly been that the Swiss have always been able to buy foreign raw materials and machines in the cheapest markets because the Swiss franc has remained convertible. There is one other factor which underlines the importance to Britain of a return to convertibility, and that is the likelihood that once the pound is convertible, and thus as good as the dollar, Latin America and other overseas countries will not hesitate to convert dollars into pounds, knowing that they will always be able to carry out the operation in reverse. The net result of this would probably be that after a short transition period European countries would gain rather than lose dollars by a return to convertibility.

Now I come to the United States. I think there was an impression that Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler got a rather cool reception when they

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The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1; or to usual agents.

Coming to Terms

WE have been reading a good deal lately about books—a subject that needs no apology in a book number—both in the columns of THE LISTENER and elsewhere. The other day one of the speakers at a public function expressed regret at the lack of time the modern world allowed people for reading good books. Many will sympathise, though the debate continues whether television (one example of ‘the modern world’) is or is not an encouragement to reading. This particular question is difficult to generalise about. A selective viewer, or for the matter of that a selective listener, will not only get the best out of his set but is also more likely to find time to do what he wants to do. The problem in this context as in others is to come to terms with the many claims our age confronts us with.

Here we may recall some observations made by Mr. C. P. Snow in a recent number of *The Author*. He was considering Dr. M. M. Lewis’ book, *The Importance of Illiteracy*; in the course of his review he says:

For the first time in this country (as in other industrialised countries), we are producing a culture of mass-literacy: but in that culture the book, which in the minority cultures of the past was the supreme means of communication, has now become only one of many. Newspapers: radio: television: these are also means by which we communicate. Many of us, brought up on books, do not like it, but the fact is there, and, incidentally, many of our contemporary literary dilemmas spring from it. In any case, this sudden irruption of mass media is as important as the invention of printing; and we have got to assimilate it, to come to terms, to absorb it as part of our cultural nature.

By the same token in an article on ‘Broadcasting as the Ally of Reading’ in the current number of *The B.B.C. Quarterly* Dr. Ivor Evans says that he is not convinced that radio in this country has ever tried to come to terms with the printed book or to encourage the public to realise the place it must have in our civilised life; and he ends by asking if it is a counsel of despair to suggest that those who are concerned with making books better known should regard wireless and television as allies in the campaign.

‘Coming to terms’ has always been a problem, but is it old-fashioned to suggest that in our day it is more of a problem than it has ever been before? In the realm of international politics the question of coming to terms forms the daily concern of all who are involved—and indeed which of us is not? But that is only one of the spheres—certainly not the least important—in which man is faced among other things with the results of his own inventiveness. How to live in a mechanised world and not oneself to become mechanised, part of the machine, a mere cog—that is a query that in one form or another, and whether we realise it or not, is continually forced upon us. The elderly no doubt feel its impact more than do the young. To remain young in heart is possibly part of the answer, but by no means the whole answer; for yielding to the spirit of the age is not the same as coming to terms with it. To accept what has to be accepted and to turn it to good use would seem to be the better part of wisdom. In this endeavour and in the marshalling of our cultural resources the printed word and more especially the words enclosed within the covers of a worth-while book are—and, it may be suggested, always will be—as great an ally as the winged words that come across the air or the images that flicker on our screens.

What They Are Saying

More foreign broadcasts on the Geneva Conference

THE GENEVA CONFERENCE continued to dominate broadcasts from east and west. Communist broadcasts gave great publicity to Mr. Molotov’s speech on Korea and to the ‘peace plan’ for Indo-China put forward by the Viet-minh delegate, Dong, which provided a ‘basis for a positive and just settlement’, enabling France (according to a Moscow broadcast) to ‘emerge from the impasse created by her military venture and colonising policy’. Another dominant theme was that Mr. Dulles’ policy was doomed to failure, and that the American people refused to shed their blood for it.

U.S. diplomacy had already suffered a ‘fiasco’ at Geneva, said a Soviet home broadcast, which added:

Only business-like co-operation between countries with different social systems can ensure peace and security for mankind. That such co-operation is essential and desirable emerged from the recent speech of the British Prime Minister at the annual meeting of the Primrose League . . . which had provoked a positive response among leading circles in the Soviet Union.

Chinese broadcasts emphasised that the U.S. policy of aggression and of sabotaging the Geneva conference must be stopped. However:

The Geneva conference will continue in session as long as the U.S. delegation is willing . . . to talk. We believe that our delegation will negotiate with them with the greatest sincerity and patience, to the end that all the issues may be solved in the interests of peace.

Other Chinese broadcasts accused M. Bidault of having ‘used a lot of verbiage to slander the liberation movement of the peoples of Asia and the social systems established by their own choice’.

Czechoslovak broadcasts were among other satellite broadcasts to maintain that Van Dong’s proposals were ‘the only possible solution of the Indo-Chinese problem’. According to a ‘Russian Hour’ broadcast from Vienna, Bidault had been ‘called to order’ by his own delegation, which had ‘hastily called a press conference’ to announce that Bidault’s statement was ‘not the final view of the French Government’ and that the ‘Vietnamese proposals . . . are a feasible basis for discussion’. The reason for this changed attitude was Bidault’s reception of ‘thousands of letters and telegrams’ from French people who wanted a truce as soon as possible; Bidault’s ‘stubborn attitude’ could cost Laniel the premiership.

An Egyptian broadcast described the fall of Dien Bien Phu as ‘a phenomenal victory for the forces of liberation, which should encourage strugglers against imperialism in any part of the world’. A Delhi radio broadcast from India commented:

The British have appeared to understand the importance of getting the approval of Asian countries before any settlement is proposed in Asian affairs. Mr. Eden’s letter to the Asian Prime Ministers was an act of statesmanship. So was his assurance that the Colombo Powers would be kept informed of the course of the Geneva conference. Mr. Eden has also shown wisdom in meeting the Chinese Prime Minister, at least socially. The Americans have on this issue been very rigid.

From the United States, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* was quoted as saying that the real defeat at Dien Bien Phu was psychological, owing to France’s internal disunity:

So the turning of that defeat into the sinews of victory, unity, and resolve can be psychological also. This particularly rests with France. Britain can help. America can aid. But more than any reference to others, the French people can take their cue from the communists in their own Chamber of Deputies: the Reds who stayed in obscene, contemptuous silence while other Frenchmen, of all other parties, rose in tribute to their dead and captured at Dien Bien Phu. There was the enemy, within!—loyal, not to France, but to the Red victors at Dien Bien Phu. It was a spectacle that should unite patriotic Frenchmen and warn the world.

The *New York Times*, after paying tribute to the heroic resistance of the French Union forces at Dien Bien Phu, was quoted as continuing:

14,000 men are but a small fraction of freedom’s strength in Indo-China. They are an infinitesimal part of freedom’s strength in the whole world. If the spirit that lived among these 14,000 men exists—and it does exist—among the many millions of the free who were not called upon to do battle at Dien Bien Phu or anywhere else, then freedom will live in the world. We need more wisdom in our councils. But the wisdom of valour we have . . . Though Dien Bien Phu may have been in a military sense a defeat, it revealed qualities which will bring a final victory for liberty and for humanity.

Did You Hear That?

MEMORIES OF THE LONDON COLISEUM

SPEAKING OF HIS FATHER, Sir Oswald Stoll, in a Home Service talk, DENNIS GRAY STOLL said: 'In 1905 my father built the London Coliseum. It opened startlingly, with a revolving stage, massed choirs, a symphony orchestra, and a galaxy of the greatest Variety stars of the day. Unfortunately, the most influential critics declared that the immense size of the building made it impossible to hear or see the artists on the stage from the back seats. The public were frightened to risk their money, and the enterprise closed down.

'Just then, my father was introduced to American business methods by Mr. Erlanger, the new York impresario. "Oswald", Erlanger said, "when I get back to the States, I'll send you a cable offering to buy the Coliseum for a couple of million dollars. That'll bring them hustling in. At the sound of a couple of million dollars, even a London critic will find his eyes and his ears more acute". Erlanger was right. When the Coliseum reopened, the critics miraculously improved their powers of seeing and hearing. During the next few decades they were to witness amazing sights there: Sarah Bernhardt, Karsavina, Grock, Elgar, Sir Henry Wood with his Queen's Hall Orchestra, the productions of Max Reinhardt and "The White Horse Inn", the plays of Barrie and Shaw.

'A few paces away, at the old Alhambra in Leicester Square, my father put on Diaghilev's Russian Ballet, and all the great ballet companies that followed it, interspersed with George Robey in "The Bing Boys", whole seasons of William Shakespeare, and Jack Hylton's Band. Not even his severest critics could accuse him of not catering for all tastes.

'From the earliest days, my father's constant helpmeet in the theatre was his mother, Adelaide Stoll. "Nana", as we children used to call her, sat in the box-office of the Coliseum, welcoming the patrons and giving them their tickets with an Irish smile and a touch of blarney. She stayed until she was too old to give the right change. When she retired there was such an outcry from the patrons she was obliged to come back and give the wrong change: adjustments were made by an assistant who stood unobtrusively by her side. She numbered among her friends people of all kinds, humble and famous. Frequently, a Cabinet Minister would hurry over from the House of Commons to be in time for a Variety "turn" and have a laughing word with old Mrs. Stoll, the sight of whom, in her silks and feathers, was quite the best performance that was ever given at the Coliseum'.

A ROMAN FOLDING CHAIR

At Holborough in Kent, the archaeologist, Mr. Ronald Jessop, has been investigating a Roman burial mound, and Mr. NORMAN COOK of Guildhall Museum has been working with him. Mr. Cook's particular interest has been the identification of the various Roman remains found on the site. He spoke about them in a talk in the Home Service.

'As soon as we reached the old surface of the ground below the

mound', he said, 'we saw a large burnt area at the foot of the grave which had been dug to contain the cremated remains of a man. Round this area we saw a great pile of smashed pottery—about a hundred-weight of it. There were three small pits dug into the soil. From the first of these pits came a mass of iron rust which turned out to be the framework of a folding camp stool. The other two small pits yielded the smashed remains of two drinking cups or beakers and eight or nine plates, and a coin.

'Our first job was to sort out these hundreds of small pieces of pot and try to stick them together, so that I could see what their shape had been before they had been broken as part of the funeral rites. With great skill and patience, two members of my staff succeeded in reconstructing one great wine storage jar, or amphora, and four smaller jars.

'Meantime, in my workshop, the coin, which had been badly corroded, was carefully cleaned and that gave me a start with the dating of the burial, since it was clearly one of the coins struck in memory of the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius. These were issued soon after Marcus Aurelius' death in A.D. 180, so obviously this funeral mound must have been erected sometime after that date. But perhaps the most exciting find was the folding chair, because it is so rarely seen in Roman burials. It looks exactly like the framework of the kind of stool that anglers use. But it gave no clues as to date, though it was obviously of a type often shown on Roman coins and sculptures. As usual, I had to turn to the pottery for further help.

'I dated the Roman pots to the middle of the third century A.D., because I had seen similar cups and plates from London and Canterbury associated with Roman groups that I knew, from other evidence, belonged to this date. I did not recognise the exact forms of the wine jars, but the famous archaeologist, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, tells me that the smaller ones came from Greece and the large one from the western Mediterranean. So now we know that at

the funeral rites of this man on the hills above Snodland 1,700 years ago, cups were filled and libations poured of wines that had come from vineyards many hundreds of miles away'.

PORTRAIT OF AN ART DEALER

PAUL WENGRAF said in a Home Service talk: 'When my father had bought something exciting—and nearly everything he bought excited him—he used to take it home in the evening and look at it. Was she not lovely, the little sixteenth-century Madonna with her sweet face, dimpled chin, and little up-turned nose? This face grew out of the big folds of a wide cloak beautifully carved in wood but daintily painted in black and greyish white. But were these her true colours? His pince-nez pushed forward to the tip of his nose, my father began to scratch off the paint with his penknife; mother called out that the soup was getting cold, but there he sat, absorbed, fascinated, because, under the black and white of the cloak he had already discovered small traces of a brighter paint. Nothing could now tear him away.



'The wonderful revolving stage at the London Coliseum', reproduced from *The Illustrated London News* of 1904: 1. The stage during construction. 2. Mr. Marshall Moore telegraphing the desired speeds of the three concentric circles. 3. A telegraph dial. 4. General view of the stage

"The soup!" my mother called, "it's getting cold!"

'We started, and we finished, without him. We tip-toed to our bedroom, bidding him goodnight. From over his glasses he looked at us with small myopic eyes. "Oh yes, the children; goodnight, goodnight!"

"And he went on scratching with his pen-knife. A few days later, a place had to be found for the Gothic Madonna now radiant with blue, gold, and red. Should she be put on this baroque chest or would she not better stand on the little Renaissance prayer-stool? No, that was already sold and would be taken away soon. A proper, a lasting place had to be found for her. Was it lasting? Not a bit. She too, like everything, was going to be sold sooner or later, and that was the mystery which I never understood until I became a picture dealer myself. We had no private home. We ate from a baroque table and sat on Renaissance chairs, until suddenly we found ourselves sitting on baroque chairs and eating from a Gothic table.

'Everything changed all the time, though everything when it had arrived had been declared to be much too beautiful ever to be sold. My father truly and sincerely loved his statues, chests, wardrobes, pictures. He loved them passionately, avidly; but all the same, he was at any moment prepared to sell them. And to go on buying. He did hardly anything else with the money he made. He bought and sold works of art, nothing else really interested him. I do not think he was an exception, rather was he the art dealer proper. His love affairs with works of art were passionate and absolutely unfaithful. As Don Giovanni was devoted to love but not to women, ever in search of all of them and faithful only to his passion, ever out for the adventure of discovery, conquest, and possession, but quite disinterested, disloyal, unfaithful to the individual woman he met, so was my father in perpetual search for the new discovery. Once he had made it his own, he easily parted with it again'.

A HALL WITH TRADITIONS

The war-time 'blitz' on the City of London destroyed many historic buildings. There was, especially, a heavy toll among the halls of the Livery Companies. But fourteen of them, while suffering some damage, survived. Eight of these halls are to be opened to the public this summer for the first time. One of them is the Watermen's Hall, in St. Mary-at-Hill, near Billingsgate Fish Market, and was described by VALENTINE SELSEY, a B.B.C. reporter, in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The hall', he said, 'is a tall, graceful room in the Adam tradition. It is here that the court, or council, of the Company hold their meetings; and it is here that the treasures of the Company are on show: a drinking cup made in 1695 and known as the Bachelor's Bowl; the mace of the Company and four priceless manuscripts, all that remained of the archives of the Company after the great fires of London.

'It is possible to extract something of the history of the Company from these manuscripts. I learned that, unlike all the other City Companies, the Watermen's Company was formed to protect not its members but the public. When Henry VIII was on the throne, the Watermen of the Thames had got themselves an unwholesome reputation for dishonesty and hooliganism. To stop this, "eight most discreet, wise, and the best sort of watermen" were elected as "rulers". These eight men formed the first court of the company of watermen. It was their job to licence boats, to examine complaints, and punish offenders. It also became their job to fix fares and to grant the freedom of the Company to young men who had served an apprenticeship of seven years.

'We are told that the watermen of the period were noted for their caustic wit. In 1761 this kind of satire was forbidden and watermen convicted of using indecent language were fined two shillings and sixpence. The giving of the freedom of the Company to apprentices

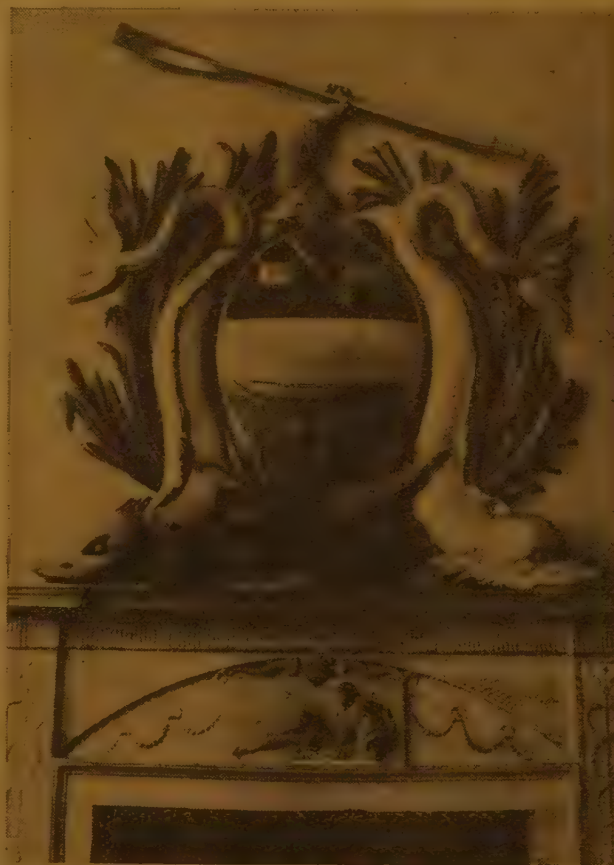
was, and still is, a solemn occasion. Up to the nineteenth century, a waterman's widow filled the Bachelor's Bowl with ale and presented each new freeman with a drink. In return, she received payment of one shilling.

'It was in the sixteenth century that John Taylor, a poet, supported the watermen in their fight against the hackney carriage and the sedan chair. To this day a portrait of the poet hangs in the hall of his grateful watermen. Later on, the Company fought tooth and nail against the project to build the bridges of Westminster and Blackfriars. They felt, rightly, that it would put the ferries of Vauxhall and the Temple out of business. The bridges were built, but the Company obtained compensation, and the funds collected in this way were, and still are, being distributed to the old and the needy of the profession.

'Much of the hardship suffered by watermen in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was caused by the freezing of the Thames. In the Company's accounts there is an entry of £200 for money distributed in January 1683 to "poor watermen and widows in ye great-frost".

This seems to have been a normal, indeed a yearly occurrence.

'Today the Company still gives its freedom to young men who serve an apprenticeship. The membership has shrunk from 20,000 in the reign of Henry VIII to 4,000 today, but the ancient traditions of the company are still there. Only the Company's mace is new: a silver oar designed and made in 1937, a fine example of the skill of the contemporary silversmith'.



Crest of the Company of Watermen and Lightermen built over the fireplace in the Court Room of the Watermen's Hall

FILMING IN THE DESERT

Several film companies are now on location in Egypt. One of them is busy on a production which will tell the story of the building of the Great Pyramid between 4,000 and 5,000 years ago. The setting chosen for most of the scenes is Sakkara, the famous burial ground of many of the Pharaohs, a few miles from Cairo. It was here that a previously unknown pyramid was recently discovered and workmen are at present trying to clear the entrance to a possible burial chamber. Only half a mile away, the base of another pyramid is rising, in the desert—for use, this time, as a film set. BERNARD FORBES, B.B.C. correspondent in Cairo, went to Sakkara to see the reconstruction of the past and described it in the Home Service.

'It is a very bleak spot indeed', he said, 'with huge, rolling sand dunes stretching as far as the eye can see. However it was not always like this. In the days of the Pharaohs, Sakkara was a centre of pomp and dignity, of temples and priestly dwellings. Among the few witnesses to its past glory are the Sakkara pyramids looking like grim sentinels on the skyline. I could see eight of them from where I stood: some like the famous Step Pyramid in a fair state of preservation, and others crumbling away to mere heaps of stones and rubble. It is that atmosphere, the pageantry and pride of 5,000 years ago, that the film producers are trying to recapture.

'Some 500 workmen, recruited from the villages of Memphis and Sakkara, are scooping sand into baskets made of palm leaves and emptying it out fifty yards away, forming what will appear in the film as the base of a gigantic pyramid over 120 yards wide. They are also building a ramp eighty yards long and thirty yards wide, and in the film thousands of slaves will haul massive blocks of red granite up this ramp, as it is believed they did in the days when pyramids were built at the command of some powerful Pharaoh.

'The workmen have been moving sand steadily for weeks now. Divided into two shifts, each man makes up to 200 round trips in the hot desert sun every day, and they prefer to work barefooted. While working they chant prayers in Arabic, clapping their hands rhythmically on each return trip, for then their baskets are tucked under their arms. It is hard and thirsty work, but camels bring their drinking water at regular intervals from a village several miles away in the Delta'.

The Tough School

The first of five talks by V. S. PRITCHETT on the comic element in the English novel

IT is my task to talk to you about the comic element in the English novel, that is to say, about the themes, incidents, characters, and manners that our comic novelists have used, and the attitudes they have adopted. It is a large world and I shall have to hop from one atoll to the next, missing out many promising landing grounds, but, at any rate, where I miss the close-up I hope I shall be able to indicate a general view. My first reason for choosing the subject is the old one: the world is a serious place—one can hardly imagine a time less propitious to the comic mind than the present—and comedy has had traditionally to defend itself. The comic gift is one of mercy and forgiveness and our time despises them. The world has always been violently in love with itself, and as Sterne said, when Mr. Shandy warned Uncle Toby against making jokes during his love affair with the Widow Wadman—there is no passion so serious as lust.

'Left-Handed Poets'

My second reason is that I wished to plead that the comic is not to be considered as comic relief, it is not a sort of jam which allows us to swallow the bitter pills of experience, but that it partakes of the nature of a passion. It is possible, in our literature, to speak of writers with a totally comic sensibility. And I would say that their comic impulse and sensibility is basically poetic; it is radiant, orgiastic, rhapsodic. Or so it has been in many of our novelists. 'Rhapsodic' is a word I would certainly use of Sterne and Joyce; 'radiant', very often, of Peacock and Dickens, of Wells and Mr. Wodehouse. There is a phrase of Dryden's in this connection which is splendid in its perceptiveness, when he speaks of the practice of humour in comedy as 'the theft of poets from mankind'. Comedy has stolen them. They are not pure poets, perhaps, nor prose poets; but writers whose poetry comes to them left-handed. The most striking example of the double nature of the comic genius is in the work of the schizophrenic Gogol who wrote a heroic prose epic about the Cossacks in *Taras Bulba* and then inverted his genius in the realism of *Dead Souls*. In his case, and others, we might call the comic gift the poetic gift diverted.

I put so much stress on this argument for the poetic nature of the comic gift chiefly because contemporary criticism has put what seems to me too exclusive a stress on those parts of the English novel that enlarge our moral sensibility by argument and analysis alone. I am also tired of indiscriminate naturalism. We run into the danger of throwing half the English tradition overboard; and, just because many comic writers moralise upon the contrast between the world of our wishes and the world of our experience, we may forget that comedy is, as Meredith said, a governing spirit, 'giving aim to the powers of laughter'—not the comic events themselves but the spirit that presides over them, that discriminates and gives them style. It would be quite possible, for example, to haggle over that passage at the end of *Sense and Sensibility*, in which Jane Austen gives one of her dry comments on a happy marriage between two people of good sense:

One of the happiest couples in the world. They had in fact nothing to wish for, but the marriage of Colonel Brandon and Marianne—and rather better pasturage for the cows.

Fatal to moralise on that passage, if one does not see the dry gaiety of Jane Austen's irony, that she lives in a climate of rapid, militant laughter. She is not decrying the human lot, but celebrating it with a laughter that is as warm as the blood and as firm as any collection of axioms. She has the overruling comic sensibility.

To go on with the critics of the English comic novel, we have Meredith and Taine. Meredith said that, on the whole, English comic writing suffered from the lack of an 'idea'. Tartuffe is fitted into the idea of hypocrisy, whereas Mr. Pecksniff spreads by accretion and rambles loose in nature. Meredith also said that we had too many comics who simply kicked the dictionary about and too much comic realism. The aim of comic realism is like the aim of the music-hall comic—to keep us laughing all the time, and people who laugh at everything, Meredith said, have no feeling for comedy. The answer to that is that they have a feeling for farce. Taine's view is very

similar. Too much realism, an excess of grotesque, too much of what he called 'unveiled natural impulse'.

What these writers take to be vice is surely our virtue: nature keeps breaking in. Ben Jonson has his theory of humours, but London street life, Bartholomew Fair, characters real to the point of myth and larger than any theory, break into the theory of humours. Nature (we thank God) wrecks an early school of psychology. And it is nature: in English life we have been able to count on an inexhaustible supply of cranks, madmen, innocents, eccentrics, and exhibitionists, from generation to generation.

If it is true that our comic novelists lack 'idea' or refuse to be governed by 'idea', is their comedy governed by nothing beyond mere plot, adventure, or incident? Or, largely, by comic characters? I think that if we go back to our founders in the eighteenth century—to Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne—we do find an alternative to 'idea'. In that century, a respectable, snobbish, and powerful middle-class society was being rapidly established. We can see the growing if rather trite assurance of writers who are founding the modern world in every page. The eighteenth century may be a roaring cauldron of gin, crime, and unreason, but the comic writers have invented a lid which will hold it down. They have invented a highly abstract, even imaginary thing called the World and characters whose aim is to be 'men of the world'. This man of the world was given a style in which he talked—Latinised, epigrammatic, consequential, euphemistic; and one object of this sententious manner was, by force of intellectual propaganda, to suppress the threat of anything ungovernable from without. Sometimes our comics attacked this World for its affectations and pleaded for the rural sanity of what they called Nature, but they were always in this World they were attacking.

The World, from that time on, has put an unmistakable pressure on the English comic novelists. In the course of time the sense of the World has become a feeling for convention and the social man. For when we ask what is meant by 'the World', the short answer is in Congreve's title: it is not an idea—it is a way—'The Way of the World'. It is a feeling for habit and behaviour, the necessary sacrifices to society. The notion is pragmatic. It is not an abstract idea which can give definition, excitement, pain, or fear to the intellect. All sanguine men and women of good sense will dwell in this Way, often at variance, but fundamentally accepting it.

The Sanguine and the Sensitive

But suppose you do not accept the World and its Way. Suppose you are not sanguine. Suppose you lack good sense and flinch from benevolence. Suppose you find the pressure of social solidarity too strong? Many English writers have found it too strong. Our lyrical poetry, I think, is the symptom of an inescapable social martyrdom. There is only one thing you can do—and it has been a rival resource both in English life, where respect for the Way, the Club, the convention can reach the point of a national illness: your resource is to go sick or mad, to become innocent, fanciful, dotty, and eccentric. You can drivel along as Sterne did; you can be the Owl and the Pussy Cat; you can shrewdly announce that everything you say three times is true; you can prefer horses to men; you can run to dandyism and artifice and have the sensibility of Ronald Firbank's King who was haunted by an impression of raised hats; you can cultivate the deeply evasive distress of Augustus Moddles. We have arrived, in short, at the two distinctive strains in English comic writing, two strains that indeed often cross, but which I will call the sane, sanguine, masculine, extroverted school, on the one hand; and the mad, sensitive, elegant, feminine, and introverted school, on the other.

I begin at the beginning therefore: Fielding and Smollett are the grand progenitors of the masculine school in the English comic novel. Their strain crops up in Kipling and Wells and Wodehouse—whose mock heroic fights recall those of *Tom Jones*—it crops up in contemporary writers who have revived the masculine tradition in the last few years: Joyce Cary and Anthony Powell. One sees the mark of

Smollett in James Joyce and Wyndham Lewis. Where life is confronted by a decided masculine verve, wherever animal spirits are high, where there is violence and horseplay, fights, drunks, and fires, wherever too many moral enquiries are not made, and wherever intelligence is stronger than sensibility, the ancestral figures of Fielding and Smollett preside.

When we pick up Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* we know at once we are at the beginning of something new. It is the first English comic novel, and Fielding was very conscious of that fact. Yet, for him it was a bold, gay grab at existing literary possibilities. There was Richardson to make fun of. There was Le Sage to steal from and there was Cervantes to inspire. Fielding took that foreign haul and turned it into something so thoroughly and basically English that our comedy has been marked by it ever since.

Parson Adams and his Progeny

The seminal thing in *Joseph Andrews*, as far as English comedy is concerned, is the character of Parson Adams. He led at once to Sterne's Uncle Toby, to Humphry Clinker, to the learned comics of Scott, to Pickwick, to the unworldly, or otherworldly, man of good will, the absent-minded, book-stuffed clowns, the high-minded pedants, or charming eccentrics. As we all know, this character comes straight out of Don Quixote, a comic character who takes a different form in many literatures. By the middle of the nineteenth century he has gone. One catches a glimpse of him, perhaps, in H. G. Wells, in, say, Uncle Ponderevo, or in Christina Alberta's father; but, by this time, the great, mad Spanish knight of the seventeenth century gradually ceases to be a central figure and diminishes into one of the many forms of the 'little man'. He gives his last faint squeak in Bertie Wooster. Parson Adams himself has only superficial resemblance to Don Quixote: the key difference, of course, is that Don Quixote is deluded or mad, and that none of the English Quixotes from Adams onwards have any real madness at all. They have simplicity, they are unaffected (for, as we know, Fielding's notion was that 'affectation' was the special subject of comedy—a natural and unaffected character showed up the rest). Parson Adams is innocent but sane; he is a good man, not a deluded man. He is notable for trust, loyalty, good nature. His absurdity is no more than absent-mindedness going its own way.

So *Joseph Andrews* is a mild piece of borrowing by a well-educated, well-read novelist of hearty instincts, with sound and simple moral beliefs and rather too tremendous intellectual assurance. Fielding is, of course, didactic. Those eternal English questions: Is it right? Is it fair? Is it decent in the sense of good-natured? Is it suitable? come up. Decent Church-of-England stuff. Parson Adams shows what happens to a Spanish knight of the counter-reformation, when he is turned into a decent middle-class Protestant. No great imagination has gone into the adventures. Fielding said, to find the comic you had only to observe life. All we get—well, what is it in all these eighteenth-century writers? Simply that a lively observer of the human animal can see a great many amusing types, highly individual in their way, fundamentally solitary, who present a pretty thick skin to their neighbours. In other words, 'every man has his humour' or disposition. And one's own disposition is sacred. To temperaments like the English, so solid socially, yet so determined on living in the impenetrable castle of their own habits, the dispositions of other people appear ridiculous but tolerable. The cantankerous and bullying Parson Trulliber, for example. That cry of his when he snatches the glass of ale out of Adams' hand: 'I caaled vurst!' And here I must digress for a moment to point out how enormously Fielding gained by his training in the theatre. He learned that a joke is not a joke until it is repeated several times and allowed to spread itself. And that the comic is something slow and dwelling, going round and round on itself, and not fast, darting, and fatal like pure wit. Within a few lines Parson Trulliber is going over the whole thing again:

Whilst they were at the table her husband gave a fresh example of his greatness; for she had just delivered a cup of ale to Adams, when he snatched it out of his hand, and crying out 'I caaled vurst' swallowed down the ale. Adams denied it; it was referred to the wife, who, though her conscience was on the side of Adams, durst not give it against her husband; upon which he said, No sir, no: I should not have been so rude to have taken it from you if *you* had caaled vurst, but I'd have you know I'm a better man than to let the best *he* in the kingdom to drink before me in my own house when *I* caale vurst.

These comics are mere observation in *Joseph Andrews*. Fielding is doing no more than Le Sage, or any other picaresque novelist did:

copying nature as he moves on. They stick in the mind because they are singled out strong and naked from nature. Not till he created Squire Western do we enter into the fullness of a comic creation and meet something like the comic passion. Squire Western can be compared to Caliban, a cantankerous, greedy, rampaging hog, snorting and snouting round all the graces of life, yet capable of tears and of an almost poetical tenderness. The unreasonable natural man, the stud bull of country life: Fielding recorded a perennial.

A novel like *Tom Jones* seems to me superior to a purely picaresque novel like *Gil Blas* (though it is far inferior to *Don Quixote*), not only because the vast range of character is contained by a plot, and also because it is continuously directed by ironical commentary. Fielding has no great idea like we find in *Quixote*, beyond that of a compassionate record of ordinary follies, but he has a large number of small ideas. Each character and incident is framed. Thwackum and Square, the quarrelling divines, or Lady Booby or Partridge; all his characters are framed in the opinions of an ironical and assured judge. We are guided by a well-nourished and tolerant judge of what one might call moral horse-flesh.

It is sometimes suggested that tolerance induces a blunting of the powers of moral discrimination, but one has only to consider Fielding's attitude to sexual love to see that his tolerance was based on intelligent sympathy and curiosity and, what is most important to comedy, on the power of making psychological distinctions. He can distinguish between Molly Seagrim, or the chambermaid who goes to bed with her master and gets caught in the act—to be caught in the act is shocking, therefore it is comic—between the agreeably neurotic Mrs. Waters and the frantic, raffish Lady Bellaston, between Mrs. Hunt and Sophia. He does not hate sexual love because he does not hate life. His good women are as emotionally disturbing as the bad ones. This is a generous compliment to virtue. He is never lewd. He is always candid. He does not conceal that the neurotic Mrs. Waters is lovely when she is found half naked in the wood and his laughing manner is a way of accommodating beauty—and goodness also—to this world. Again, the idyll of Joseph Andrews and his sweetheart is sweet and sane and delicate, because Parson Adams has to keep these two ardent young lovers from incontinence. They play out the oldest of human comedies: virtue self-endangered—and do not lose their desires because they are forced to behave. Laughter arises because of the love-play of conscience; Fielding is not laughing at conscience, modesty, or desire themselves, but at their mixture together in observable nature. The comedy is, in short, the recognition of motive and the forgiving of life.

Underlying all this is, of course, the technical brilliance of the great comic writer, who sees the necessity of putting people into the same situation over and over again but each time with some small change. The art of comedy for Fielding, trained in the theatre, is the art of putting people to new tests.

The Smile within the Smile within the Smile

The burlesque tale of the adventures of Mrs. Heartfree in *Jonathan Wild* is another example of the work of a master of the armoury of naive comic narration. The comic in Fielding depends on the power of elaboration, on the smile within the smile within the smile. He is always elaborate and oblique.

The next morning [says the artless Mrs. Heartfree] we saw a Fire at a little Distance from us, when we conceived ourselves drawing near some Human Habitation, but, on our nearer Approach we perceived a very beautiful Bird just expiring in the Flames. This was no other than the celebrated Phoenix so much spoke of, and so little known. We would not suffer such a Rarity to be consumed; we therefore snatched it from the Fire and, being resolved to taste this elegant Dish, we first picked his feathers off, and then roasted him; but found the Flesh so far from delicious, that it was greatly distasteful. The Captain then ordered it to be thrown again into the Fire, that it might follow its own Method of propagating its Species.

This picaresque tale has that complexity Fielding's mind delighted in. Running through it is the comedy of Mr. Heartfree's anxiety about his wife's virtue. No warmer defender of virtue than Fielding: no more ardent defender of honour and innocence. No one tenderer. But the comic mind is always laughing. He sees the delicious absurdity of virtue, too; and that laughter is merciful and poetic. Fielding also laughs a little at beauty.

One can divide Fielding's incident into two kinds—realism, plain or brutal: the fight at the inn; horseplay: Parson Adams in the midden or being dropped into a bucket. It is undergraduate behaviour. And then there is the pure stage stuff: the mix-up in the bedrooms, two

women and a man, two men and a woman. Beau Didapper gets into bed with Mrs. Slip Slop by mistake. Far greater than these is a scene like the one in *Jonathan Wild*, when Wild is put off a ship in an open boat, and decides, because 'great Men' are always misunderstood, to commit suicide. He dives into the sea, and then once in the water he is terrified, remembers his greatness, and secretly swims back, and climbs into the boat again. Fielding was a master of anti-climaxes and of capping one trick with another.

Fielding's Lessons from the Theatre

The stage taught Fielding to box and break the monotony of picaresque narrative. First the scene is set by the short moral prologue, then comes the action, finished off by the revised commentary at the end. This has often seemed long-winded or sententious to contemporary readers, but one must try to use the eyes of Fielding's age. Compare him with Richardson; how much more economical Fielding is. He learned that from the theatre. He learned from the theatre the enormous importance of stock situations—the chase in which lovers miss, in which they meet again in the wrong circumstances. Love where, when one lover is available, the other is not. The bedroom scene with Lady Bellaston is a double turn and turn about, delightful because we know it is going to happen once and are delighted when it happens twice. It is finished off by the brilliant short chapter where Mrs. Hunt makes her affecting proposal. I cannot understand why some critics object to this scene. It is exactly the touch of absurd nature that is required to relieve the artificiality of the two bedroom scenes.

I must go back, at this point, to some remarks I made earlier about that taste which the English comic writers have for the outstanding trait, the dominant passion or 'humour'. Severe critics call this caricature and have said the English taste for caricature is an obstacle to psychological observation. All I need say is that there is unlikely to be a difference of character between the comic writer and the people who produce him. Our comic novelists have copied nature. Fielding, as we know, believed one had only to look at nature closely to see the comic subject on every hand, and himself inveighed against caricature, and, on the whole, is very free of it. Caricature comes from the closed heart and Fielding's is open to absurdity. Caricature comes to him only when his heart is hardened or when he is violently prejudiced—the key instance is the character of Blifil in *Tom Jones*, who is not a comic character and, indeed, is not even a character of any sort. The only thing to be said for Blifil is that he foreshadows that mistrust of brains, male or female, which the hearty school has always had ever since, right down to Wells.

It is the absence of caricature that makes Fielding so much more readable than Smollett, and so different. Of course, like nearly all English novelists, Smollett is didactic, just as Fielding was. Both are reformers of manners and, in one sense, Smollett irritates less because he does not strike attitudes. There is little of that epitaph language in which we are constantly asked to balance vice and virtue, honour and villainy, benevolence and hypocrisy, and so on. We shall become gentlemen after reading Fielding; after Smollett we shall wash more carefully and be more intelligent in personal and social habits. The brutality of Smollett is half nature, half self-defence; and we have to remember that physical violence was common all over England until the first decade of this century and was considered genial, manly, proper, and a manifestation of good humour.

In Smollett, people are continually being knocked senseless. One character is flogged with a dead turkey. The more we look into Smollett's case the stranger he is: to begin with, he is not a southern Englishman like Fielding, he is a Scot. He is not a Wiltshire gentleman but a poor surgeon—ambitious, climbing, quarrelsome. In his way, he is as mad as Sterne. He is a hypochondriac whereas Fielding is healthy-minded. His comedy is energised by hatred, not by affections; but the hatred is not satirical: it has the ugly geniality of the injured man. He is—to put it rather extremely—the cleaner up who rather enjoys the filth and certainly thinks the joke lies there. The odd thing in Smollett's nature is that although he has drawn an awful gallery of women, he gives both his pleasant women and his termagants much more intelligence than Fielding allows his female characters.

The fact is Smollett is a comic with a skin too few. He is the surgeon horrified by the body and turning his horror into a joke. If a man is bald and lantern jawed, if a woman is pregnant, if people have the gout, the pox, are scrawny or obese, stale or stinking, Smollett's senses will be obsessed by the physical fact. He will tell you how useful it was to Miss Grizzle in her courtship that she was cross-

eyed. He roars when he sees her screw up her huge mouth into a prim and virginal rosebud. Now this is very primitive. And Smollett really is a picaresque comedian. The eighteenth century was captivated by Spanish realism, but Smollett alone really caught the rawness of it. What he added was the grotesque, and that owes everything to Smollett's Celtic strain. The Celts are creators of giants and Smollett's comic characters are really disreputable giants. They are the Seven Deadly Sins turned into disgusting flesh by the surgeon who is delighted by the sight of the awful body on the operating table.

For Smollett the way of the World was its seamy way. The comic incidents are either brutally animal or they are concerned with trickery and intrigue. The characters search for what they call 'mirthful adventure' and it is recorded by a violent mind. A caricaturist like Smollett is always outside his characters. Yet, in his naval personages, Smollett occasionally got inside people and, once inside them, he turned them into human beings. Hawser Trunnion is the great example. He is the classical sailor who fears the land. There he is fortified in his garrison of loyal but devious sailor men, fighting his battles over again and cursing his friends who got promotion by political influence. But Hawser transcends the type, because he is capable of suffering and feeling, of moodiness, of experiencing the deceptions of life. Characters in the novel live by being played upon by life; caricatures are simply hard outlines. Trunnion ascends into the sublimity of comic creation when he sets forth to the marriage he has been trapped into. He is seen, you remember, zigzagging over the countryside, miles from the church where the wedding is to take place. Told to hurry up because the bride has been there an hour, he replies that he has met a headwind and that he is tacking! The whole comedy of the terror of love is in that wonderful word.

The death of Hawser Trunnion is one of the curious death scenes of English comedy. It touches that point where the comic view of life comes close to the tragic, where absurdity and feeling mix. The oaths, the grotesque nautical language, the hiccups, continue in the death chamber; the dying Trunnion bequeaths his very trying wife to his Lieutenant. The Lieutenant answers with 'a waggish sneer' telling the commodore:

he was obliged to him for his friendship, in seeking to promote him to the command of a vessel which he himself had wore out in the service, but that notwithstanding he would be content to take charge of her, though he could not help being shy of coming after such an able navigator.

Trunnion enjoys the joke and dies. Not quite the death of Don Quixote, of course, not quite the death of Stepan Trofimovich in *The Possessed*, but still one of the good death scenes of comic writing.

Forerunner of James Joyce

What Smollett did is the kind of thing which was driven underground into the music halls after the eighteenth century—gross physical detail, double meanings, violence; smutty puns, misspellings that recall Joyce. The Welsh maid in *Humphry Clinker* is straight from James Joyce.

I have suggested that the comic writers are inverted or injured poets and that they create a world analogous to the poet's world. How can we say that of Smollett? That part of Smollett which derives from *Gil Blas* is not comic. Or, at any rate, it is only comic in the sense that episodic adventure is distracting and amusing. Or, as we would also say, it is comic as when a spectator observes the human comedy. Or again, as we would say, when a man of the World observes the Way of the World. The trite moralising of the eighteenth century is often attacked, but it gave the comedian a ground, a frame. Elsewhere, the main part of Smollett is what Dryden called farce—the chimerical. For what is Trunnion but a Caliban, his garrison a gang of animals, drawn by a myth-maker.

We get a sudden glimpse of a native poetic quality in *Humphry Clinker*, in his descriptions of landscape as he approaches the Scottish border. In this coarse and angry Rabelaisian, there was a martyred sensibility. The surgery and the British Navy nearly knocked it out of him; in *Humphry Clinker* we meet the native sweetness, the beginnings of civilisation. For Smollett, as the *Journey to France and Italy* shows, was a practical civiliser. His style, plainer and more natural than Fielding's, is a sign of that. When we say that compared with Fielding, Smollett had no 'idea' of comedy, perhaps we are wrong. Perhaps the 'idea' is in that clear, lucid, unaffected prose; perhaps it was civilisation—even if we define civilisation, as I suspect he would have done, by the one word 'drains', where, indeed, a great deal of his comedy came from.—*Third Programme*

The Anatomy of the English Countryside

The 'Rash Assault'

By W. G. HOSKINS

AT the time that Metcalfe, Macadam, and, later on, Telford were revolutionising the surface of roads, we begin to get our first canals. The canals are the product of about the last forty years of the eighteenth century and the first thirty of the nineteenth. They have brought a number of most distinctive changes

his canals around these rather insignificant looking hills. So many of his canals go many miles further than they need have done: but he was not afraid of bold engineering when he had to do it.

For instance, one of his earliest canals, the Trent and Mersey, which was started in 1766 and took eleven years to make, had somehow to get through the watershed between the Mersey and the Trent, and he does it by means of the Harecastle tunnel. That tunnel, nearly 3,000 yards long, was a tremendous feat: it is more than 200 feet below the surface at its deepest point. It was a small 'legging' tunnel, with such a low roof, and so narrow, that no towpath could be provided: barges simply lay on their backs and propelled the barges by using their feet against the roof of the tunnel, and it took an incredible time to go through.

If you go there today you will still see Brindley's tunnel, but beside it, and running parallel with it, is the tunnel made by Telford in 1827. That is to say, sixty years later it was possible, with the knowledge that had accumulated, to make a bigger tunnel. Telford's tunnel now has electric wires running through it, and if you wait long enough you can see these narrow boats—I think it is wrong to call them barges—come through like a sort of water tram. They have trolleys running up to wires in the roof, and so the boat slowly moves through the long tunnel.

Telford came twenty years after Brindley, with all that additional experience, so his canals take a much more direct course and give you therefore much more dramatic engineering. His finest piece of work is an aqueduct carrying the Ellesmere Canal over the Dee, which he built between 1795 and 1805. It is, I suppose, the greatest monument in stone of English canal engineering. It is over 1,000 feet long and more than 120 feet above the River Dee. That is his most daring piece of engineering, but on certain of his canals you will find many smaller examples of dramatic construction:

deep cuttings arched over by tall bridges like the one near Tyrley in Staffordshire on the Shropshire Union. You also get much bolder tunnels, longer and bigger, such as Sapperton, which is more than two miles long; and, longest of all, Standedge, more than three miles long, on the Huddersfield Canal, running through the Pennines. Even the Pennines were no obstacle to the canal engineers.



Harecastle tunnels on the Trent-Mersey canal—Brindley's tunnel on the right, Telford's on the left

to the landscape. One or two are obvious: they have brought stretches of water into country hitherto completely lacking in it. The absence of water is the great flaw in Midland scenery, and canals did bring an element of beauty into the landscape which had hitherto been absent. They brought changes in plant life and bird life; and they also brought a new kind of architecture: aqueducts; cuttings and embankments; tunnels, which had never been known before; locks; lifts; inclined planes; and thousands of attractive little bridges.

There is one other interesting point in the effect of canals on landscape, and that is the difference between Brindley's conception of canal engineering and Telford's. Brindley was a pioneer. He did not build the first canal ever to be made in England, but he was the first man to build canals on a really extensive scale. And he was the first man to build a canal for 200 years. His principle was to keep as far as possible on the same level, and so Brindley's canals, where he has to climb, rise in a series of locks and then proceed in long, level stretches. Often he avoided using locks or any other kind of device by simply taking his canal round the contours. There are many places in the Midlands where the canal makes an enormous curve: if you see it from a railway train it seems at that point to be disappearing towards nothing at all, going out into completely empty country. In fact, it is probably running round the flanks of a low hill. We are so used today to travelling at high speed in powerful cars or trains, that we do not notice these minor differences in the surface of the ground which were immensely important to canal engineers, and Brindley took



One of the 'red brick bridges bowed gracefully over the water' on the Grand Union canal, south Leicestershire: late-eighteenth century



J. C. Bourne's drawing of the Wolverton embankment in course of construction in 1837

W. T. Spencer

But when one considers canals in the landscape it is not of these masterpieces of engineering, the long tunnels and the splendid viaducts and bridges, that one thinks primarily. One thinks of the hundreds of red-brick bridges bowed gracefully over the water and glowing in the afternoon sun: little rough-textured bridges out in the empty pastures of the Midlands, so that you see them from a long way off like hump-backed islands rising out of the sea of grass. One also thinks of the lock-keepers' cottages with their stable alongside for the towpath horses; of the once-white Navigation Inns and the boat inns, and so on, wherever the canal passed near a road carrying any traffic; and of the deserted, tall, red-brick warehouses that you come across in villages far inland, like Shardlow on the borders of Derbyshire and Leicestershire. One also calls to mind the empty towpaths, haunted today only by the heron and the swan, and the summer-evening walks which the canals now provide for so many people who prefer that kind of walking, unimpeded by any traffic.

In Lancashire the canals are sadder altogether: dark, opaque water clotted with rushes, with broken stone copings and edges to their towpaths; cinders everywhere; and the still water, solid as a mirror, reflecting the mill chimney which is equally silent and idle—because, as we all know, the canals were killed by the railways. In the diary of John Clare, under the date June 4, 1825, one gets the first intimation of how country people were likely to react to this new menace. Clare says, recording his day's activities:

Saw three fellows at the end of Royce Wood who I found were laying out the plan for an iron railway from Manchester to London. It is to cross over Round Park Spring, by Royce Wood, for Woodcroft Castle. I little thought that fresh intrusions would interrupt and spoil my solitudes. After the enclosure they will bespoil a boggy place that is famous for orchises at Royce Wood End.

Nothing came of that particular project at that time, but less than twenty years later we find Wordsworth up in the Lakes trumpeting: 'Is then no nook of English ground secure from rash assault?' In fact, the railways had begun to manipulate the landscape on a grand scale from the first. They took over from two generations of canal builders: they inherited the civil engineers, the planners, the architects, and the navvies, the inland navigators. Once they started, they manipulated the landscape grandly. Nothing like the earthworks of the railways had been seen in this country for a long time. To find anything comparable you have to go back to the early iron age—to the people who put up such tremendous constructions in earth and stone as Maiden Castle and the other great hill forts. Yet we hardly notice the earthworks which the railways planted on the surface of England: partly because we take them all for granted, but partly also because it is difficult to see them. One can pass over the Wharfedale Viaduct, near Hanwell, on the Great Western Railway from Paddington, over and over again, and never know that one is passing over one of the triumphs of Brunel's engineer-

ing. There are no towpaths on the railways. One simply does not see their great constructions and what effect they had on the landscape. We run over Brunel's beautiful bridge at Maidenhead and do not see it. We run over the viaduct at Chippenham—we may notice that—and later we go into the classical Renaissance portal of the Box tunnel, and unless we happen to know that it is worth looking for we are very unlikely to see what a beautiful entrance it is.

Railways hit the towns like an earthquake. In the countryside the impact was not so tremendous. Christian Barman describes it best when he says that 'the new railways slashed like a knife through the delicate tissues of a settled, rural civilisation. They left their scars on park and copse, they raised high walls of earth across the meadows—your railroad mounds, vaster than the walls of Babylon, Ruskin had called them—they brutally amputated every hill on their way'. The magnitude of the impact of railways on the country landscape was enhanced by the views of the engineers about gradients. Brunel, who engineered the Great Western Railway from London to Bristol, would have nothing steeper than one in 660 for the first eighty-five miles out of Paddington; Robert Stephenson, who engineered the London and Birmingham Railway, would have nothing steeper than one in 330, except the first rise from Euston to Camden, which he got over in other ways; and Locke, on his London and Southampton Railway, moved 16,000,000 cubic feet of earth in cuttings and embankments, especially between Basingstoke and Winchester, where there are some of the best examples of railway cuttings in the world.

All this involved tremendous changes in the landscape. It involved throwing great walls of earth across the meadows and then cutting through hills. You get the best impression of what it really meant for people living in a particular parish if you look at a drawing by Bourne of the Wolverton embankment in course of construction in 1837. There, half made, is this great slope, this raw mass of clay. They are half way or so across the valley and the whole thing is in an unfinished state, with the shape of a pyramid. One can imagine what people thought about this in the landscape. And in the north of England there are the exceedingly interesting lithographs by A. F. Tait, on the Manchester and Leeds Railway, and the Manchester and Liverpool Railway. Apart from a few literary references one gets almost one's only impressions of the naked impact of railways on the country from these pictures.

You get a good idea of what other changes railways brought into the landscape by looking at the diary of a Middlesex parson. In 1830, the Rev. B. J. Armstrong tells us that his father decided to move out of London and take a small house in the country:

It was thought advisable to take some small place in the country for the benefit of our health and he [his father] took a very pretty and rather commodious cottage residence at Southall-green in Middlesex, about a mile off the high road to Uxbridge and exactly ten miles from Tyburn Gate. Our intention was to reside half the year at Southall

and the remainder in London and I remember we moved there on the 26th of June, 1830. My delight at everything I saw was beyond bounds. Gardens were allotted my sister and self and there was the canal to fish in, a pony to ride and, besides, animals of different kinds. Having been long pent up in town, Annie and myself viewed Southall as a second Paradise. And I remember I nearly hung myself up on my pin-before the very first morning after our arrival in attempting to scale the yard gates to see the country beyond them.

Eight years later the Great Western Railway was built, and West Drayton for Uxbridge was the first station. In 1839 stations were opened at Ealing, Hanwell, and Southall. And the effect on Southall is given in Armstrong's journal:

A remarkable change for the worse took place about this time in the hitherto retired neighbourhood of Southall-green. The railway spread dissatisfaction and immorality among the poor, the place being inundated with worthless and overpaid navigators. The very appearance of the country was altered. Some families left and the rusticity of the village gave place to a London-out-of-town character. Moss-grown cottages

retired before new ones with bright red tiles; picturesque hedgerows were succeeded by prim iron railings and the village inn, once a pretty cottage with a swinging sign, is transmogrified to the railway tavern with an intimation, gaudily set forth, that London porter and other luxuries, hitherto unknown to the aborigines, were to be procured within.

That was the effect upon a village near London. These immediate effects were observable only near the stations in the early days. But as the railways spread, their effects on local building, which Armstrong noticed, and on building materials, grew correspondingly more devastating, and what happened in Middlesex began to happen all over England. The ancient, local materials, which fitted their own regions so well because they came out of the very soil, disappeared one by one. All regional styles and all local materials were exterminated except where the well-to-do could afford to build deliberately in the old manner with the aid of an architect. And so, what had been the living style of a whole region, modified to suit all classes of people, became, as a result of the railways, a piece of pleasant antiquarianism for a rich man.

—Third Programme

The 300th Anniversary of the Postage Stamp

By MICHAEL HARRISON

FOURTEEN years ago, the centenary of the introduction of penny postage was celebrated by all the world's nations; even though a war which was as universal as is penny postage had split those nations up into two irreconcilable groups. Sir Rowland Hill's name was as honoured among the nations of the 'other side'.

In 1860, Rowland Hill was honoured by Queen Victoria, with the K.C.B. Many thought this reward belated, none thought it excessive. And certainly no one since has suggested that he did not richly deserve this reward for having effected that great post-office reform of which the uniform penny post, first introduced on May 6, 1840, was the principal feature. But, contrary to a now universally held belief, Sir Rowland did not invent the penny post, any more than Trollope is to be justly credited—though he so often is—with having 'invented the pillar box'.

There were many proposals for a penny post before Rowland Hill succeeded in getting the idea adopted by the British Post Office: as near as 1823, G. Treffenberg, a Swede resident in Paris, put a scheme for pre-paid postage by means of a stamped envelope before a committee of the French House of Peers. The scheme was rejected by a large majority; and it was not until seventeen years later that Rowland Hill's vigour and persistence forced the British Government to a more sympathetic response to a similar proposition.

In fact, to find the man who invented both the penny post and the pillar box we have to go back nearly two centuries even before Treffenberg: indeed, to the Paris of Louis XIV and Cardinal Mazarin, where, in 1653, a certain Monsieur Jean Renouard De Velay, a master of the Court of Requests, sought royal approbation for an ingenious and convenient postal system.

The second half of the seventeenth century was in France as well as in Great

Britain a period of extraordinary scientific activity, and the intense intellectual curiosity displayed by royalty in that period encouraged the flowering of the inventive talent among all the upper classes of society. But particularly was this inventive faculty apparent among the circles most closely connected with the Court.

I propose to describe fully only one of De Velay's extraordinary ideas—his postal system—but he was always throwing off novel and ingenious suggestions; many of which anticipated the now taken for granted conveniences of today. The most 'modern', perhaps, of all his inventions was the lift—or, as the Americans, following Charles Dickens' usage, call it: the elevator. For the comfort of those dwelling in the great palace of Versailles, De Velay devised a private lift; and superintended its installation. Alas, an accident occurred to this prototype lift which still occasionally affects its modern descendants: the lift stuck half-way between floors, imprisoning a royal lady. Carpenters and masons were hastily summoned to cut away the surrounding walls, but they were not able to effect the release of the lady until some hours had passed. After that, the royal licence was withdrawn from De Velay in his capacity as lift-maker.

But there was nothing at all defective in the conception or the conduct of his postal system. In effect, this system was, even in details, the system that all civilised nations use today: pre-payment of postage at a uniform rate; receipt for the pre-payment by means of a standard printed device; dating and timing of the letters' despatch; collection of the mail from conveniently situated and permanently fixed pillar-boxes as well as from post offices; and, finally, delivery at stated times and by officially employed messengers—'post-men'.

There were other details in De Velay's scheme; but the main details upon which modern postal systems depend for their working were suggested and put into operation by this remarkable civil servant.



INSTRUCTION POUR CEUX

Qui voudront écrire d'un quartier de Paris en un autre, & avoir réponse promptement deux ou trois fois le jour, sans y envoyer personne, par le moyen de l'établissement que Sa Majesté a permis être fait par ses Lettres, vérifiées au Parlement, pour la commodité du public & expédition des affaires.

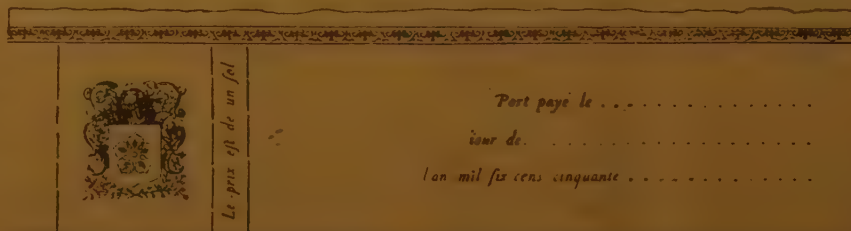


N'a fait à savoir à tous ceux qui voudront écrire d'un quartier de Paris en un autre, que leurs lettres, billets, ou mémoires seront fidèlement portés & diligemment rendus à leur adresse, & qu'ils en auront promptement réponse, pourvu que lorsqu'ils écriront ils mettent avec leurs lettres un billet qui portera *port payé*, par lequel on ne prendra point d'argent, lequel billet sera attaché à ladite lettre ou mis au bout de la lettre, ou passé dans la lettre, ou en telle autre manière qu'ils trouveront à propos, de telle sorte néanmoins que le Commissaire puisse voir & l'offrir aysément.

Chacun étant advenu que nulle lettre n'y réponse ne sera portée qu'il n'aye avec icelle un billet de port payé, dont la date sera remplie du jour & du mois qu'il sera envoyé, à quoy il ne faudra manquer si l'on veut que la lettre soit portée.

Le Commissaire Général qui sera au Palais vendra de ces billets de port payé à ceux qui en voudront avoir, pour le prix d'un fol marqué & non plus, à peine de concussion, & chacun est advenu d'en acheter pour la nécessité le nombre qu'il lui plaira, afin que lorsqu'il en voudra écrire l'on ne manque pas pour si peu de chose à faire ses affaires, Et en cet endroit les Solliciteurs sont advenus de donner quelque nombre de ces billets à leurs Procureurs & Clercs afin qu'ils les puissent informer à tous moments de l'état de leurs affaires, & les porter à leurs enfants qui sont au Collège de

De Velay's instructions for the use of the *billet* or wrapper (below) in his postage scheme of 1653



From 'The Boy's Book of Stamp Collecting', by Douglas B. Armstrong

In his *Historical Anecdotes of France*—a work long out of print—an eighteenth-century historian named D'Auriac gives the fullest particulars of De Velay's scheme, which received the approbation of both King and Cardinal in the first half of 1653; but the notice that D'Auriac prints as being an exact copy of De Velay's original somewhat confuses the date, which must have been earlier than August 16, 1653, with which the notice is headed in D'Auriac's account. However, here is the notice as printed:

August 16, 1653

THIS is to give notice to all who wish to write from one quarter of Paris to another, that their letters, notes or bills will be faithfully and carefully carried to their respective destinations, if they attach to their letters a ticket marked *Post-paid*, because no money is allowed to be taken. [*I think he means here that no cash is to be accepted at the door by the messenger.*] This ticket will be attached to, or folded around, the said letter, or transmitted in any other convenient manner, provided always that the *commissionaire* may see it, and easily detach it. The Date of the Day or Month on which it is sent will be filled in. The head-*commissionaire* at the Palace will sell these post-paid tickets at a 'stamped sou' each [*the phrase he uses is 'sol estampé' each*]; and the public are advised to buy a sufficient quantity according to their requirements, that they may have this great convenience at hand whenever they wish to write a letter.

I have translated the word, '*billet*,' as 'ticket', but, in fact, the records seem to show that the 'ticket' was a wrapper, such as we now put round a newspaper or journal for transmission through the post. The phrase, '*sol estampé*,' is ambiguous; but it should probably be translated as 'bearing a stamp of the value of one sou'; and the prophetic likeness of the whole scheme to the Rowland Hill system of 1840 is further, and astonishingly, emphasised by the fact that the notice mentions that the 'tickets' are 'stamped with the King's effigy'.

The head-office was evidently situated at the Luxembourg Palace; doubtless because the Court of Requests sat there. It is amusing to us, who have so long taken for granted the extraordinary convenience of the post, to read De Velay's careful exposition of the advantages of his scheme:

Parties engaged in law-suits are advised to give a certain number of these tickets to their lawyers and notaries, that they may get frequent information of the state of their affairs; and fathers also should give them to their children who are at school, or in convents; and likewise employers should give them to their employees.

And his notice ends:

The *commissionaires* will begin to carry letters on August 8, 1653. This date is fixed so that plenty of time may be given for obtaining the tickets.

It was just the same 200 years later, when the first penny stamps of Great Britain were put on sale. They were available at the post-offices on May 1, so as to give the public 'plenty of time' to obtain them in readiness for the introduction of the penny post on May 6, 1840.

The discrepancy between the date of De Velay's notice—August 16—and the date advertised as the beginning of the scheme—August 8—caused many people in the past to doubt the facts as reported by D'Auriac; some going as far as to say that there might have been a De Velay but never such a scheme as that with which he has been credited.

But confirmation of the scheme, and of the fact that it was actually put into operation, has come to us from another witness: Pélisson, friend of Mme. de Sévigné and of Mlle. de Scudéry; Pélisson, that engaging character of whom it was said that, 'he grossly abused the male privilege of being ugly'. Pélisson not only made a note of the scheme in his commonplace book, but actually used one of De Velay's handy forms to send a 'cod' message to Mlle. de Scudéry, which, owing to the fame of that lady, has been preserved.

Additional Service for Business Men

For the convenience of business men, De Velay supplied an additional service: ready-printed forms needing only to be filled up, at the appropriate places, by the sender. One of these forms coming into the irrepressible Pélisson's hands, he took a pen and filled in the blank spaces, signing himself, in the 'romantic' manner of those days, by a 'classical' pseudonym: Pisandre.

Printed at the bottom of the 'correspondence side' of the wrapper is a note which advises the sender to enclose a 'stamped addressed envelope' if a reply is desired: a further proof—if one were necessary—that De Velay overlooked nothing in making his scheme as 'modern' as possible.

The account Pélisson gave contains these details of the scheme:

In 1653, an officer of the Court of Requests, named De Velay, had obtained a privilege or boon from the King, for the sole fixing of boxes in diverse quarters of Paris; and had afterwards set up an office at the Luxembourg Palace, where were sold, at one sou apiece, certain tickets stamped with a peculiar mark. These tickets bore nothing but: *Post-paid, this day of 1653 or 1654*. To make use of them, it was necessary to fill up the blank with the Date of the Day or the Month on which you wrote; and afterwards you had only to wrap the ticket round the note you wrote to your friend, and throw them together into the box. There were people who had orders to open [the box] three times a day, and carry the notes to their addresses. Beside the post-paid ticket attached to the letter for payment of postage, the writer, if he desired a reply, took care to enclose another post-paid ticket in his letter.

It was not, however, until the new year that the scheme was actually put into operation; and the 300th anniversary of the penny post does not, accordingly, fall until this year. The date for the commencement of De Velay's scheme has been consistently given, in English accounts, as 1653. But it has been forgotten that New Year's Day, 1654—as the French then knew it—was still only December 22, 1653, in England; and the year 1654 officially began in England when the French were already at April 4. De Velay put his scheme into operation in the later part of 1653, by Old Style reckoning; but by the Gregorian Calendar, and following the usage legalised by the British Act of Parliament of 1752, it is to be said that he did set to work on his penny post at the beginning of 1654.

Why Did the Scheme Fail?

That the scheme was a failure is obvious: had it been a success, we should know De Velay as we know Rowland Hill. But why the scheme failed is not at all clear. It is said that the unruly mob of Paris misused the letter-boxes; putting into their slots that offal with which the streets of all European cities then abounded. But I do not think that that can have been the sole reason, even if it was a subsidiary one. The boxes could have been moved to a place where they could have been guarded.

I think the most probable reason is the mistrust with which all contemporary governments then viewed any letter-carrying system not under their entire control. I think that the approbation given by the King was withdrawn when a minister suspected De Velay's post of carrying treasonable or 'disaffected' mail. So the scheme failed; but the idea remained, to serve, in all its details, a later age. The honour of having been the inventor of our modern postal system, however, belongs to De Velay, even though it was another who put it to eventual use.—*Home Service*

The Enemies

Last night they came across the river and
Entered the city. Women were awake
With lights and food. They entertained the band,
Not asking what the men had come to take
Or what strange tongue they spoke
Or why they came so suddenly through the land.

Now in the morning all the town is filled
With stories of the swift and dark invasion;
The women say that not one stranger told
A reason for his coming. The intrusion
Was not for devastation:
Peace is apparent still on hearth and field.

Yet all the city is a haunted place.
Man meeting man speaks cautiously. Old friends
Close up the candid looks upon their face.
There is no warmth in hands accepting hands;
Each ponders, 'Better hide myself in case
These strangers have set up their homes in minds
I used to walk in. Better draw the blinds
Even if the strangers haunt in my own house'.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS
—Third Programme

The Merits of Convertibility

(continued from page 857)

went to the United States in the spring of last year, and so people wondered whether the Americans had any idea how important convertibility was to the free world. When I was in the United States last autumn I thought there had been a shift in opinion and that there is now a much fuller realisation of the importance of convertibility. Indeed, I think that the visit by Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler served a very useful purpose. It focused attention on a problem that might otherwise have been put on the side. As it was, Mr. Lewis Douglas was appointed last August to investigate the question of convertibility and the Randall Commission was set up to report on the economic policy of the United States. I doubt whether these steps would have been taken if the United States Government had not been prodded by the visit of Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler.

Anyway, the American picture is changing fast and discussion of this sort of problem is in full swing. Over the past four or five years American exporters have been very greatly helped by the American Aid programme. Now all that is more or less coming to an end. Such military aid as continues will largely take the form of deliveries of particular articles from which the American economy in general will derive little profit, so, naturally, American exporters are beginning to wonder what their position will be. If they are to enjoy equality of treatment with business men of other lands there must be a system of convertibility. For as long as there is exchange control one can be almost certain that European and, indeed, other countries, too, will clamp down on the import of American goods. This is, perhaps, the most important reason why many Americans in their own interests must wish for convertibility. There are other reasons, too. Obviously the United States cannot afford to let any country in western Europe collapse at this time of cold war, and only as the European countries succeed in getting their balances of payment into order will the Americans be able to reduce their aid without running dangerous risks.

Part of the System of a Free Economy

Finally, more and more is being heard in the United States of the importance of convertibility as a measure of defence against totalitarian governments. After all, convertibility is part of the system of a free economy, and since the United States is a leading advocate of free economies, it is very natural that the Americans should also be in favour of convertibility.

If you consider all these reasons—the general ones and the ones which apply more specifically to the continent of Europe, the United Kingdom, or the United States—you cannot, I think, help arriving at the conclusion that the very real interests of important groups of countries and countries themselves are involved in a return to convertible currency. But it does hold dangers. There is the one I have already talked about, that if one tries to return to convertibility before a free economy has been restored in other fields, the attempt is likely to break down. But, in my opinion, that danger has become much less than it was in 1947, when we last attempted convertibility.

The next danger is this: if we returned to convertibility, how could the countries of Europe protect themselves against a possible American depression? There is one important way and that is by achieving stable internal economies in the countries of Europe. If we look back to the slight American depression of 1949, we find that the countries whose internal economies were relatively stable, such as Switzerland, suffered least.

I think, myself, that the danger of serious depression may be less than we think. I believe that after twenty years in the political wilderness, the Republican Government of the United States is just as frightened of a depression as the Democrats ever were and that they will take every possible measure to prevent it. Nevertheless, it is a real problem. Business cannot continue to improve throughout the world for ever and we must decide whether we, here in Europe, ought to try to carry on with our own policies independently of the United States or whether we should attempt to work together with the United States. The answer, of course, depends on our impression of what the Americans themselves are going to do. If I am right that America will act to prevent depression, then we in Europe should work with them towards an anti-depression policy.

I would like to say a few things to those who are sceptical about convertibility. I believe, as I have already said, that we have progressed very far in dismantling the all-embracing system of controls created during the war. Rationing has been lifted, free commodity markets have been opened—and remember that free commodity markets can often make it possible to convert funds from one currency to another. Copper can be bought for sterling and sold against dollars, and in this way—which is becoming perfectly legal, funds can be transferred from one country to another. Then, there is the increase in monetary reserves. In the eighteen months from 1952 to the end of September 1953, the total of monetary reserves in gold and dollars outside the United States rose by over 3,000,000,000 dollars. They are still rising. Quite a number of countries have accumulated sufficient holdings of gold and dollars to allow them to liberalise their dollar imports.

Parallel Market Rates

Consider the question of the free, or parallel, market rates for currencies. These are now very close to the official rates—the free-market rate for sterling in New York is at present within two per cent. of the official rate, and, as far as gold is concerned, the free-market rate has now for half a year or more been quoted at the official price. It was not very long ago that it was fifty per cent. higher than the official price.

All this means that we are now much nearer a normal state of affairs. Even the countries which have been occupied by foreign forces are getting back to normal. It is remarkable that western Germany and Austria were for several months the two countries which had the biggest surplus in the European Payments Union. In fact, dollars are now flowing into many parts of the world. We cannot be certain that this will go on. There is still a fair amount of American aid which, of course, helps all round; there is also still a fair amount of discrimination against dollar goods. Nevertheless, many people are beginning to think that convertibility could soon stand up to a practical test.

But even if we agree that we ought to get back to convertibility, how are we to do it? I think there should be parallel action in the European countries and in the United States, and I think that the first step is to achieve the convertibility of sterling. In my opinion the convertibility of the currencies of continental Europe would be very precarious if it were not preceded by the convertibility of sterling. The Report of the Randall Commission, which has recently been issued in the United States, has emphasised that sterling is a key currency, i.e., a currency used to finance not only British trade but the trade of other countries also. It would take too much space here to review the proposals of the Randall Commission; let it be said, however, that it does envisage a reduction in American tariffs and the taking of other measures to facilitate imports into the United States, and that it also suggests the arrangements of standby credits between the Federal Reserve Banks of the United States and the Central Banks of other countries. This may not be all that had been hoped for but it represents steps on the road to the establishment of a properly functioning world currency system.—*Third Programme*

Song of a Variable

I be me: fool, snail, corn,
Bluebottle in the sheaves
And the spittle in the horn.

For you be They;
And none be He or She;
And all alone upon a stone
I sing my I be Me.

J. C. DAVIS

Miss Moberly's Apparitions

By LUCILLE IREMONGER

MISS MOBERLY was the middle-aged English lady who claimed to have seen Marie Antoinette one hot August afternoon in the twentieth century. Most people are interested in her story when they hear it, for it is one of the best ghost stories of all time, though Miss Moberly would not have liked my calling it that.

The Man in the Black Cloak

Miss Moberly and her friend, Miss Jourdain, had been over the Palace of Versailles for the first time as sightseers that afternoon in 1901. They were on their way to have a look at the Petit Trianon. They had vaguely heard of it as the little retreat which Louis XVI had presented to his Queen, where she and her ladies used to amuse themselves dressing up as milkmaids and making butter. On their way the two ladies between them saw eight separate people in all, and spoke with some of them: two gardeners, as they called them, in long, green cloaks; a red-faced, running gentleman anxious to divert them from their course; a woman and her small daughter in a cottage doorway; an insolent footman; a haughty lady in unusual, old-fashioned clothes sketching trees; and, perhaps the most impressive of all to them both at the time, a dark-faced, pock-marked man wrapped in a heavy, black cloak and wearing a large hat—the very figure of a stage villain! 'The man's face', wrote Miss Moberly, 'was most repulsive—its expression odious . . . I said to Miss Jourdain, "Which is our way?", but thought, "Nothing will induce me to go to the left"—that is, past him'. And Miss Jourdain, too, was overcome with alarm and the feeling of being in the presence of something evil.

It was some time before the two realised, so they said, that they had spoken to people who no longer existed, and walked in a garden which had long disappeared. For the gardens of Versailles in 1901 were very different from those they had described. The two ladies wrote down every detail they could remember. Then, by research, they proved, to their own satisfaction at least, that they had stepped back into the past and seen the Queen and those about her not long before tragedy overwhelmed them all.

Was this an elaborate hoax by a couple of queer old spinsters, or were they really given a glimpse of the mysterious boundaries between time and space, between past, present, and future? One thing is certain. There were various details about their description of the place which were flatly contradicted, and even laughed at, by the experts on the period. But the ladies stuck to them obstinately, and they were later proved accurate—proved by the discovery of documents not available beforehand either to the ladies or to the experts.

The story, then, by itself was good enough to capture anyone's interest. But I had two special reasons of my own for being fascinated by it. For one thing, I was educated at St. Hugh's College, Oxford; and Miss Moberly was the Principal of the College and Miss Jourdain her Vice-principal, when they experienced their joint vision—hallucination, if you like—or, as they themselves preferred to describe it, their adventure.

But long before I went up to the University, the Palace of Versailles and the Court of Louis XVI had meant a great deal to me. A direct ancestor of mine had been one of the King's most intimate courtiers and friends. The news that the mob was approaching Versailles meant disaster for him and his family no less than for the King and his. And that I am here at all today is only because, by the merest chance and against all expectation, he and his wife and his two unmarried sisters escaped from the teeth of Madame Guillotine. Their lives were saved by a certain nobleman, a Creole with property in the West Indies: thanks to him, my great-great-grandfather was able to escape to Haiti with his family. The nobleman's name was the Comte de Vaudreuil: and the saturnine, pock-marked gentleman in cloak and hat whom Miss Moberly found so repulsive was, as she made up her mind afterwards, this very Comte de Vaudreuil, a close, false friend of Marie Antoinette's.

For these two reasons, then, I have always taken an uncommon interest in Miss Moberly's story; and that is the same thing as saying

that I was interested in Miss Moberly. Naturally enough, one's attitude to such an incredible tale largely depends on the amount of respect the teller of it inspires.

What, then, was Annie Moberly like? To judge by her account, a precise and conscientious scholar, with a high standard of learning and a scrupulous regard for truth: just what you would expect from the first Principal of a distinguished women's college at a great university. The last person, in fact, to seek after cheap notoriety, and the first to flee from it—indeed, her first account was published anonymously. And her background? The facts confirm the picture. Annie Moberly was the seventh daughter of Dr. George Moberly, one-time headmaster of Winchester, and later Bishop of Salisbury—the seventh child of a seventh child, let me add, for the fanciful. Four of her immediate family became heads of schools or colleges, and two were bishops. Charlotte Yonge was a friend of her family. Her life was spent in the sedate and formal atmosphere of schools and cathedral cities—the sort of life which Trollope painted so lovingly.

But whenever I looked at the clever crayon picture by Leslie Brooks of Miss Moberly, which hung on my college walls, it used to tantalise me. It fitted in with this background in so many ways—and yet there was something about it that did not harmonise with it. That bludgeon of a face above that prim bodice; that chopper-like chin; those burning eyes not at all quelled by their pince-nez; those high cheekbones, and that square forehead under the straight, rather coarse black hair—that was not simply a plain English lady from a cathedral city, not merely an intelligent Oxford don. What was it about her face? Now I know. How could I ever have missed it? Miss Moberly's face was perfectly Slavonic. She might have been Mr. Molotov's twin sister. Set her down in Moscow, and no one would have raised a question as to her nationality.

The extraordinary thing is that Miss Annie Moberly, this staid, donnish lady with the pince-nez, apparently the perfect flower of her quiet Barsetshire background, had some pretty turbulent blood in her veins. She was a direct descendant of Peter the Great, Tsar of all the Russias. Few enough people recall the odd footnote to history that the Tsar Peter came over to the shipyards of Greenwich to learn our ways with ships. But fewer still know that he took as his mistress the daughter of an English shipmaster, and that she bore him three children. One of them grew up to be the well-known portrait painter and miniaturist, Alexander Cozens; the second reached the rank of general in the Russian army; and the third apparently inherited a love of the sea on both sides—he became a naval instructor at Kronstadt. It was his daughter Sally, Tsar Peter's granddaughter, who married one John Cayley, the British Consul at St. Petersburg. And this John Cayley was Annie Moberly's great-grandfather.

A 'Throw-back'

Miss Moberly never talked about her Russian blood. She gave the impression that her only connection with that country was that a forebear had been a consul there. Perhaps the tie seemed a long way back to her. But the blood must have been strong. Physically, at any rate, Annie Moberly was what old wives call a 'throw-back'. And perhaps there was more to it than that. Russians are supposed to be given to unusual spiritual or mystical experiences. 'For a Russian', as one writer puts it, 'there is nothing strange in seeing visions'.

Certainly one rather odd occurrence at St. Hugh's while Miss Moberly was still its Principal seems to bear out this point. Among the undergraduates at the college at that time was a little group of Russian aristocrats, complete with governesses, luxurious furs and magnificent robes. The girls took to practising spiritualism, in the form of calling up famous historical characters. One might think that Miss Moberly would be sympathetic to this sort of thing—or at least understanding. Not at all! She sent for the young ladies, and gave them short shrift. 'What do I hear?' we are told she enquired in her chilliest manner. 'It is outrageous that three unimportant young women, who, nevertheless, are the daughters of courtiers of the Tsar, and so might be

expected to know something of court etiquette, should have the impertinence to imagine that they could summon into their presence Anne of Austria, Queen of France. In life she might or she might not have permitted you to be presented to her. She certainly would not have done so had she been informed of anything of this kind! It was an odd reproof, when you come to think of it, in the light of her own claims.

But these Russian sidelights on Miss Moberly's history and character do not really help to decide on the merits of her story. We are still left hesitating between two possibilities: she might have been just 'being a bit Russian' like the young ladies—that is, creating a little drama for effect; or she might have been genuinely what we call 'psychic' today. And we must not forget Miss Jourdain. She shared the adventure, and she was no Russian, as far as I have yet discovered!

That brings me to a question I used to ask myself about the Versailles story. Was this a solitary experience, or had Miss Moberly had others? She had had others. In fact, from her earliest childhood she had heard voices and seen visions. I will mention only two or three of those on record. A week before her father died she 'saw' the great gates of the palace garden thrown open and two men carrying a coffin pass her on their way to the palace. A friend was with her, who also 'saw' the spectral coffin. Then, an hour after her father's death, she

'saw' two large birds with an immense wingspread and dazzlingly white feathers rise from the ground and fly away over the cathedral. It was only later that she learned of the legend of the 'Bishop's Birds' which are supposed to appear whenever a Bishop of Salisbury dies. Then, again, in the Louvre in Paris in 1913, Miss Moberly 'saw' a tall man wearing a toga and a golden crown. No one else saw him, and her researches convinced her that he was the Emperor Constantine. First the vision and then the corroboration, we notice—always the same pattern as in the most famous experience. And there were other instances, too.

But what does it all prove? The whole story is still as intriguing, and still as puzzling, to me as it was before I found out my two additional facts, that Miss Moberly was descended from a Russian Tsar, and that these manifestations were fairly frequent throughout her life. It is not only a question of whether a staid maiden lady saw visions. It is the question that has always haunted man—the question that informs the myths and legends of the ancient world, in which Orpheus visits the underworld and the Sybil foretells the future; the question whether a human mind can experience happenings outside the narrow groove in which it normally runs . . . whether, in fact, you or I could at any moment step back into the past, or—and this follows—out into the future.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Fall of Dien Bien Phu

Sir,—In the first talk in THE LISTENER of May 13 M. André Fontaine writes that it was an 'English refusal' that prevented the use of aircraft from the American 7th Fleet to assist the garrison of Dien Bien Phu. He says further that 'the United States Vice-President and Admiral Radford, chairman of the American joint chiefs of staff, favoured the request. The American Cabinet was rather hesitating. Finally, they left the decision to the British'.

I cannot believe, with great respect to the Foreign Editor of *Le Monde*, that this is an accurate or fair account of a tragic moment in allied relations. On the face of it, Sir, is it likely that a decision for or against using American aircraft carriers was left to the British Cabinet? And is it likely that a British Cabinet would allow itself to be placed in a position where it had to make such a decision? If M. Fontaine believes that he will believe anything, and we shall have to ascribe to credulity rather than malice the sidelong attacks on this country's policy—and even more on the United States—that are at times a feature of his newspaper.

It seems more likely that the decision not to intervene was mainly due to the realisation by Mr. Dulles and Admiral Radford that they had not from Congress the explicit authority and support to use armed forces. That is to say, American strategy and policy are much more closely restricted by democratic controls and a peaceful American public opinion than readers of *Le Monde* have been allowed to realise during the last five years. It is only when the moral issue is quite clear—as it was in Korea—that American public opinion can be relied on instantaneously to support the use of arms and to take the risks of war. It is not the fault of France's allies if the moral—as distinct from the strategic—issue in Indo-China is not crystal clear to them.

It can, of course, be argued that British support for intervention would have rallied Congress to Mr. Dulles. But why should the British offer such support on the eve of a conference to stop a war which is barely supported by the French parliament and has been so little

supported by the French people that conscripts could not be sent to Indo-China? M. Fontaine has made a most unconvincing and inaccurate effort to make us feel perfidious. As for his final taunt about following 'a policy of conciliation with the vocabulary of the policy of firmness'—that is an admirable description of French policy towards the Soviet Union since the death of Stalin.—Yours, etc.,

Bentley

DONALD McLACHLAN

A Problem in Race Relations

Sir,—May I be permitted a few remarks in connection with Mr. H. S. Deighton's interesting and comprehensive broadcast on 'A Problem in Race Relations' published in THE LISTENER of May 13?

(1) Mr Deighton does not mention that the State of Israel was established when the British Mandate over Palestine ended (on May 15, 1948) as the result of a decision adopted by the General Assembly of the United Nations on November 29, 1947, which envisaged the establishment in the mandated territory of Palestine of two separate independent States, one Jewish and one Arab. The Jewish representatives present at the Assembly accepted that decision; the Arabs, first those of Palestine, and later those of the surrounding Arab countries, did not, and sought to reverse it by force. The war then unleashed against the nascent State of Israel was the expression of their bitter opposition to a decision which had been internationally approved.

(2) Mr. Deighton referred at some length to Arab speculations on the possibilities of Israeli expansionism. Frankly, we find it rather curious that charges of possible aggressiveness and expansionism against Israel should be taken so seriously. Israel, ever since its establishment, has never ceased to proclaim its desire for a peaceful settlement, and its readiness to meet the Arab States for talks preparatory to such a settlement. In the Arab camp, on the other hand, almost every day still brings its quota of statements of the Arab desire to open 'a second round' against Israel, and to avenge their lack of success in the first. In this connection I would mention only the recent statement by the King of Saudi

Arabia, who said at the beginning of January this year that the Arab nations should sacrifice up to 10,000,000 men, if necessary, in order to wipe out Israel, and added that 'Israel, to the Arab world, is like a cancer to the human body, and the only remedy is to uproot it like a cancer'.

Who, in the light of the foregoing, would seem to be bent on aggression?

(3) There are, of course, differences of opinion and approach between Israel and the Arab States on a number of issues, but surely the most hopeful—indeed the only—way of solving them would be to get the parties together to discuss them. It seems to us that this is a proposal which should commend itself to all men of good will.

Yours, etc.,

Embassy of Israel,
London, W.8

M. ARNON,
Press Attaché

The Development of Soviet Law

Sir,—It was quite a surprise to see mass death starvations in the Soviet Union in the winter 1932-33 denied this year of 1954 (see the letters by Mr. A. J. Halpern and Mr. A. Rothstein in THE LISTENER of May 13). Quotations from such sources as the Webbs or John Hazard are no proof.

The official journal of the Gosplan, *Planned Economy*, 1936, No. 6, pages 114-116, published charts showing that, for example, in March 1933 in peasant markets of Dnepropetrovsk (Ukraine, the principal starvation area) the cheapest rye bread cost 12 roubles per kilogram. This was almost 100 times as much as the price on rations at the same time (12.5 kopeks) and 150 times as much as the free price of the same bread in Moscow in 1928 (8 kopeks). It is also noteworthy that in the face of a general starvation the Soviet Union continued to export grain, indeed exporting in 1932 more than three times as much as in 1927-28.

Everybody who studies the Soviet economy consults Lorimer's standard work on population, written at the time of brotherly love towards the ally (Frank Lorimer, *The Population of the Soviet Union: History and Prospects*, League of Nations, 1946). The author (page 135) gives the

following hypothesis which, so far as only possible, is based on official data (in millions):

Year	Total Population	Increase per year
1928	150.0	2.9
1929	152.8	2.8
1930	154.9	2.1
1931	156.7	1.8
1932	158.1	1.4
1933	158.2	0.1
1934	159.2	1.0
1935	160.0	0.8
1936	161.3	1.3
1937	163.4	2.1
1938	166.9	3.5
1939	170.3	3.4

Instead of increasing by close to 3,000,000, the population remained unchanged in 1933. On the basis of official Soviet statistics, it is easy to arrive at the conclusion that were it not for the full-scale collectivisation, the all-out drive to expand investment in the heavy industry, and the bacchanal planning of the early 'thirties, the Soviet Union would have counted in its 1939 population census at least 10,000,000 persons more than were actually established. Reduced birth rates and especially greatly increased mortality, heavily concentrated on the winter 1932-33, were the results.

The facts are undeniable. The question is merely are those immense sacrifices in starvation and death worth the attainments, or not?

Yours, etc.,

Agricultural Economics N. JASNY
Research Institute, Oxford

'The Death of the Fourth Republic'

Sir,—In discussing the argument of Mr. Ronald Matthews' book, *The Death of the Fourth Republic*, your reviewer writes: 'The fatuous anti-clericalism of French Socialists and Radicals is one reason why parliamentary government in France is in such obvious difficulties. Their prejudices make it impossible for them to combine with the M.R.P. in a strong left-centre government, which might have done for France what the Labour Party has done in the United Kingdom'. I think this is a misleading statement, and for three reasons.

First, it is by no means clear that the anti-clericalism of the Socialists and Radicals is 'fatuous'. It may be natural for an Englishman, anxious for a stable French government to take part in international negotiations, to deprecate internal divisions which weaken that government, but for the ordinary Frenchman the question of the influence of the Church in his society, and on the education of his children, is certainly not a trivial one. It can be argued that in present political circumstances this division should not prevent clerical and anti-clerical parties of the centre from combining, but then it has not done so: they have joined together in coalition governments throughout the entire life of the Fourth Republic.

Second, it would be difficult for a coalition of Socialists, Radicals, and M.R.P. to form 'a strong left-centre government', because the Radicals are not a left-wing party. Although their parliamentary representatives are at present divided, the majority of them are right of centre on economic matters, and the basis of the party, in the small business men and peasant proprietors of provincial France, is unquestionably conservative.

Third, it would not only be difficult for these parties to form a strong left-centre government, it would be difficult for them to form a government at all without the support of other groups: in the National Assembly of 1946-51 they had a majority of only six or seven votes, which is insufficient to form a stable basis for a government, and in the present Assembly they are in a minority of forty-one votes.

The political problems of France are both complicated and deeply-rooted, and no good is done by this kind of diagnosis.—Yours, etc.,
University of Manchester. A. H. BIRCH

Free Speech and American Liberty

Sir,—It is a pity that Mr. Patrick Malin (*THE LISTENER*, May 6) did not give a more comprehensive and accurate picture of the America of today. Many of his listeners must have asked themselves what all the pother is about? The witch hunt has made deeper inroads than he cares to admit, has in fact reached into the very American Civil Liberties Union itself, which has taken approximately the Congressional Committees' line on members of the legal Communist Party—refuses to defend them, prohibits Communists from membership. (In England this would create widespread protest including questions in parliament.) Mr. Malin was thus inaccurate in stating that the A.C.L.U. engages in the 'active protection of civil liberties for all'.

And surely the hysteria of the past eight years is infinitely more widespread, deadly, destructive than the two-year Palmer raids of 1920-21!

True, there are 'judicial decisions outlawing discriminatory treatment' of Negroes. But they are largely flouted in practice.

What purpose is served by gilding the civil liberties picture in America today? Mr. Malin says one should not despair. Of course not; but one way of struggling against evil tendencies is not to blink at them but to describe the cancer for what it is and proceed to operate. Abraham Lincoln's America is still there with its spirit, ideals, and traditions—but the individual who tries to fight for them can be and often is smeared and ruined. We have 105 political prisoners in gaol for no overt action. They and the rest of the witch hunt are enough to have practically silenced free expression. And indeed the confusions, contradictions, dichotomies of American policy today are an eloquent testimony to the fear and anxiety which pervade.

Yours, etc.,

ELEANOR STEWART-THOMPSON
London, N.W.3

The Future of the English Novel

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. K. Amis is much too much preoccupied with fashion. It was clever of him to ride off with wigs and false teeth but I was looking at the matter in an altogether wider and graver and less ephemeral context. Your correspondence columns are hardly the place for an attack on the Welfare State: this has been recently undertaken—at the wigs and teeth level—with devastating point and with no concessions to fashion by an able economist, Mr. Colin Clark, who has presumably taken his life in his hands by doing so.

Mr. Amis is insufficiently aroused to the facts that the Robin Hood State—whichever party governs—is the clear heir to the future; that socialism like communism (with which it shares an identical vision of the goal for which society should strive) is openly pledged to the use of 'social policy' as a weapon for redistribution of income and (hence) gradual removal of class distinctions, whose existence it rightly deems to originate in economic inequality; and that for the residuary legatees of this process the values of imaginative literature mean, rightly mean, and always will mean, nothing. I had merely ventured to point out in my original letter that the middle-class phenomenon of a liberal, lively, curious, disinterested, travelled, cultivated novel-writing intelligentsia and novel-reading *literati* was unlikely to be among the amenities provided by this secular heaven.

The remorseless progress towards an undisputed primacy in the affections of politicians

and administrators of that sacred cow designated by Mr. Evelyn Waugh (with apt irony) the 'labourer', is likely to have an effect on the book-sales of Mr. Amis' and Mr. Wilson's successors—perhaps not so very long after the former make their application for wigs and teeth—that will make the intervention of thought police or attentions from Ministry of Culture officials quite superfluous. Their books are as unlikely to achieve success in these conditions as Tasso or the Norse sagas under our conditions. 'Take but degree away . . .—and I have no reason to believe Shakespeare's social insight is less cogent than Mr. Amis' or that the attempt is not being made in the twentieth century with far more massive force and dynamic assurance of complete triumph than ever Shakespeare dreamed of.

Whether literature will suffer a total eclipse—as it has done in the past—was a question on which I was careful not to dogmatise. What is certain, I think, is that labourers and their socially scientific rulers will not want to read the Mr. Amises and Mr. Wilsons of their day—and publishers will not bring out their work for the benefit of perhaps half a hundred senile and discredited fuddy-duddies such as—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.1 R. C. BURLINGHAM

Sir,—The chief criterion of merit of a novel is how much a social historian a century later can infer from it about the author's own times. To write a good novel, therefore, an author must, first of all, be widely, deeply, and lengthily life-experienced. Other sorts of novel may be elegant writing, but they don't matter much.—Yours, etc.,
Wyton W. H. CAZALY

Sir,—Mr. Angus Wilson unconsciously, perhaps, contradicts himself. After saying that the novel depends upon 'a personal vision' and technical ability he concludes that its future is with 'the new ruling class', thus shifting his argument from consciousness to the unconscious. Art certainly depends upon 'vital creative vision' whether one belongs to or believes in any ruling class, new or old. No doubt this is banal, but it is true, while Mr. Wilson's conclusion is, I suggest, false. The future of the novel lies with those who know what they are doing and has nothing to do with any 'ruling class'. If I have misunderstood him I ask his pardon.
Yours, etc.,

Geneva

C. B. PURDOM

Discovery of the North-west Passage

Sir,—Mr. W. R. Rayner's thoughtful letter commenting on my account of the events which led to Sir Robert M'Clure's discovery of a North-west Passage, raises controversial questions. My broadcast narrative suffered from the drastic cutting of the script imposed by time restrictions and a rather summary treatment of certain details was obligatory, but nevertheless I believe the story as presented was accurate in essentials.

Mr. Rayner contradicts my statement that the ships became separated just after entering the Pacific. That is how the incident is described by most writers on the subject, because it was there that final separation occurred. Mr. Rayner implies that the separation was not accidental, but was due to Collinson's failure to observe Admiralty Orders and that he broke faith with his junior ship.

I think this view is based on a complete misunderstanding of Collinson's actions. He never attempted to clear up such misunderstandings during his lifetime, but kept silent in the face of criticism. After his death, however, his brother edited his journals and from these his motives became clear enough. Perhaps he was unfortunate in his method of handling a difficult

situation and tactless in his treatment of M'Clure, but his conduct on that historic voyage was entirely prompted by what, as Commander of the whole expedition, he thought would further its high purpose.

He held the view that the essential time for the ships to remain together was *after* entering the ice. The ice gate was the place of rendezvous for the real commencement of the expedition. When it was found immediately after leaving Plymouth that *Investigator* was a slower sailer than *Enterprise*, Collinson decided that he dared not risk losing the season for entering the polar seas by waiting too long for his consort. He would trust to a rendezvous in Behring Straits and, in the event of *Investigator* not arriving in time, he would take the depot ship *Plover* with him and leave *Investigator* in its place.

This would have been hard on M'Clure and his gallant and loyal crew, but Collinson only contemplated such a course as an emergency measure. They were not sailing on an explorer's expedition but on an errand of mercy, and Collinson put that object higher than personal considerations, for time was the primary factor in the chances of finding Franklin.

The supreme irony of the sequel was that it was M'Clure who arrived in time to enter the ice that season, and Collinson, delayed after searching for him, who had to wait for the following year. Had M'Clure taken Kellett's advice and waited at least forty-eight hours before sailing on alone, no possible doubt as to his motives could have arisen. But M'Clure persuaded Kellett that Collinson was ahead of him, when he and every man on board *Investigator* must have known otherwise.

Captain M'Clure maintained that the *Enterprise* was ahead of us, and in support of which, retained the private letters he had for Captain Collinson for early delivery. The impossibility of such being the case I have already shown . . . we were anxious to get on, from a general feeling that our Consort had neglected us.

That extract is taken from the account written by Doctor Alex. Armstrong, the surgeon of the *Investigator*.

M'Clure was able to cut the knot and sail away because Kellett who could have ordered him to wait was content to offer advice, and because Collinson had never contemplated the possibility of M'Clure's arriving at Behring Straits before him and had given no orders to cover such a contingency.

In these circumstances M'Clure's action was

understandable enough. Whether it was justifiable is open to debate.—Yours, etc.,

Brighton, 1

MURRAY PARKS

Picasso's Dream World

Sir,—Mr. Robert Melville in his interesting article on Picasso in *THE LISTENER* of May 13 writes: ' . . . it is only since his [Picasso's] formal explorations came to a standstill that he has revealed his *hatred of reality*'.

I cannot believe this. No artist hates reality. Reality whether it be, as in the objective artist's case, the external world or, as in the subjective artist's case, the world of the imagination, is the artist's life-blood: to hate it is a contradiction in terms.

It is quite evident Picasso *loves* reality. The architectural and analytical cubist paintings of an earlier period defined a *different* reality. That is all.—Yours, etc.,

London, W 12

ROY TURNER DURRANT

'Two Worlds for Memory'

Sir,—The story of the first Lord Buxton's experience with the ants, as related by your reviewer of Alfred Noyes' book *Two Worlds for Memory* in *THE LISTENER* of May 6, is a very amusing one but, as it differs in one or two important details from the one which I have been in the habit of telling for the past thirty years, perhaps you would care to hear my version, as told to me by the lady in whose grounds Noel Buxton (as he was then) got the ants.

Buxton was staying in this country house and just before setting forth for London, where he was due to speak, he sauntered in the grounds rehearsing from his notes. In the course of this he sat down, and it was only when he was in the train (again immersed in his notes) that he found his legs smothered in ants. He at once took his trousers off, and shook them outside the window, only to have them snatched away by a passing train. At the first stop, he sat close in to the side of the carriage, and presently a man and his wife came and tried the door, to be told by Buxton that they could not come in. The gentleman in question said 'Oh, we'll soon settle that', and proceeded to call the guard. Explanations of his dilemma were forthcoming and the stationmaster said he would ring the next station to see what could be done. At the next stop, a pair of corduroy 'bags', belonging to one of the porters, was forthcoming, and donning these,

to complete an otherwise immaculate rig of morning coat and topper, Buxton went off to address his meeting.—Yours, etc.,

Cromer

S. A. HUGHES

Tastier Vegetables

Sir,—I was sorry to read the statement of Jean Conil (*THE LISTENER*, May 13) that spinach 'is . . . the most pure . . . of vegetables'.

It is known that spinach contains oxalic acid, a poison, and this, if it meets calcium in the alimentary tract, forms calcium oxalate, which cannot be absorbed. Spinach in the diet thus makes some of the calcium in the food unavailable.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.4

E. E. DOVER

'Afrit'

Sir,—May another of 'Afrit's' admirers pay homage to that great man? As headmaster of Wells Cathedral School, Prebendary A. F. Ritchie was outstandingly successful and greatly beloved, but most readers of *THE LISTENER* knew him only as 'Afrit', the prince of cross-word-composers.

His versatility was astonishing. In quick succession he would give us a Biblical cross-word, a Cross-Number, and a puzzle based on one of the signs of the Zodiac, evincing (and demanding from us) an extensive knowledge of English literature. But his real genius lay in the devising of many entirely new types of cross-word, some of which have found enthusiastic imitators. 'Printer's Devilry', 'Playfair', and 'Word-Ladder', for instance, were his invention; so also was 'Twenty-Six', wherein words were treated as numbers in that scale (e.g., IQNFP = double DUTCH). After 1939 his appearances became rarer, but his skill was undiminished. His later puzzles included 'Venture atte Bowe' (an extremely witty French crossword), 'Two Sees' (in which every clue had two different solutions), and last, and most rollicking of all, 'Puns Asinorum' in May 1948.

Above all, he was a superb clue-writer. Out of countless possible examples, I must content myself with two: 'You can't have the dole and this and this' (A good job too); 'Embraces half the human race—the other half, of course!' (Womankind)

THE LISTENER crosswords were already famous in the nineteen-thirties; it was 'Afrit' more than anyone else who made them so.—Yours, etc.,

York

L. E. EYRES

Party Political Broadcast

The Conservatives and Local Government

By JOHN HARE, O.B.E., M.P., Vice-Chairman of the Conservative and Unionist Party

MY reason for asking you to listen to another political broadcast this evening is that most of you have the opportunity of playing a part this week in local government*. So many people are apt to say 'Oh, I can't be bothered with politics'. Can anyone afford to say that? Whether we like it or not, politicians, at the town hall and district offices, as well as at Westminster, have great influence over the everyday lives of all of us. I know this is true. I was a councillor myself for fifteen years. Not to use your vote is to throw away a chance to shape not only your own future but that of your children.

In Britain today the great divide is between conservatism and socialism. This is reflected in

a large majority of local contests in England and Wales. If you are wise you will judge the merits of the rival candidates from personal experience. For those of you who are too young to have had a vote before the war—and you're some 10,000,000 strong—it's no longer a question of 'Ask your Dad' or 'Ask your Mum', but 'Ask yourself'.

It's almost nine years now since the war ended. For six of those years the socialists were in power. The Conservatives have held office for less than three. Let us for a moment examine their records, and let's forget the barrage of propaganda with which all political parties are apt either to overpraise or excuse their actions. The only way is to judge by results.

I'll take the socialists' six years first. The Labour Party when they took over believed with complete sincerity that the theory of nationalisation would solve our economic problems and make us a prosperous nation once again. They also believed in what they chose to call 'economic planning'. This meant a large measure of control from Whitehall. They had plenty of time to try out their great experiment. Did it work in practice? Has it made coal, electricity, or transport cheaper? Are the workers in those industries satisfied? I think you know the answers now to those questions.

In spite of huge sums of American and Canadian money, we tottered from one financial crisis to another: 1947; 1949; 1951; every

second year there was a crisis. And the last was the worst. We all had to continue in times of peace to put up with war-time shortages. Rationing dragged on. Taxes got higher and higher. Power cuts were all too familiar. The price of everything went up and up. So that even many loyal socialists began to realise that the theories they had believed in did not work out so well when put into practice.

But, on the credit side, the socialist government did face up realistically to many of the problems of foreign affairs and defence. Both the late Ernest Bevin and Mr. Attlee soon began to appreciate the menace that Russia's policy of extending her sphere of interest meant to the free world. The fostering of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, the conception of the European Defence Community, and the plan to build up the defences of this country at a huge cost were necessary and patriotic decisions. The socialist leaders who took these decisions knew they would be opposed by members of their own party—especially by the intellectuals who prefer theories to facts. The split in the socialist party began on these issues and it has never healed. In fact, it has become much, much wider with the passing months. So deeply and so evenly divided are they now that it's impossible to predict, if the Labour Party came back to power, whose policy would prevail—Mr. Bevan's or Mr. Attlee's. Or would the struggle go on and the nation meanwhile drift without leadership?

Well, now let us look at the Conservative record. We certainly haven't fulfilled our opponents' gloomy prophecies. The 1,000,000 whom Mr. Robens, former socialist Minister of Labour, said would be out of work by the end of 1952 have proved to be a myth as false as the war-monger scare at the last election. Instead, more people are at work today under the Conservatives than ever before in peace time. Today our factories and our farms are producing more than at any time in our history. The socialist Jonahs predicted large-scale industrial unrest. Well, it hasn't happened. It was said that the Tories would slash the social services. We haven't done that either: quite the contrary. The National Health Service today is giving the people of this country much better value than they got three years ago—and there was room for it. The school dental service, which was in ruins in 1951, has now been rebuilt. In education we are not daunted by the huge rise in the school population. Under our administration over 1,100 new schools have been built in two and a quarter years; nearly 400 more than were built in all the six years of socialism. There is much still to be done, but we've made a good start.

Not only have Labour scares been proved false. The Conservatives have also succeeded in doing most of the things which the socialists said could not be done. People were told that our pledge to build 300,000 houses a year was pure vote-catching. In fact we built nearly 320,000 last year, and we shall do even better this year—more for sale and a record number to let.

It is quite true that we're building more one-bedroom and two-bedroom houses and flats today. That is a very good thing. It's just that size of home that the old people in particular need so badly. This is what the local housing authorities wanted—they decide, not the Minister. But we are also building many more three-bedroom houses than in 1951, and if you wish to count the total number of bedrooms rather than the total number of houses, we're still providing over half as much again as the socialist government did.

Well, now that there are more new houses available, Mr. Macmillan is launching an attack against the slums. He is determined also to prevent existing houses from becoming new slums through being allowed to fall into decay and

disrepair. His efforts have been grossly misrepresented during this local government election campaign.

I am not going to mince my words. Leaflets are being circulated in constituencies today which seem designed for no other purpose than to scare tenants and pull the wool over their eyes. For instance, I've got in front of me now the socialist propaganda handbills from many parts of the country alleging that the Repairs and Rents Bill will put money into the pockets of the landlord and do nothing for the tenant. This is totally untrue. As a piece of electioneering it's in the same line as 'Whose finger is on the trigger?'

Don't forget that before he left the socialist front bench, Mr. Bevan said that this bill gave the landlords 'nothing but a mouldy old turnip'. We've heard a lot of double talk from the Labour Party in recent years, but nobody can really be expected to make sense of criticisms that describe the bill at Westminster as a 'mouldy turnip' for landlords, and yet now in this election campaign says that it's a bumper bonus for the same people. The truth is this: that if any landlord does increase the rent without having carried out the necessary repairs he will be guilty of a criminal offence and liable to prosecution. All tenants are safeguarded because they can claim a certificate of disrepair without any legal cost if they satisfy their local council that the house is at any time not in good repair. We're concerned simply and solely that people should be able to live in good housing conditions, because on those conditions depend health and happiness.

I'm sure you won't fall for this rent scare, which our opponents are putting about. This propaganda is all the more discreditable in that the socialists do not tell you fairly and squarely what their alternative to our bill is. They apparently intend to nationalise some 7,000,000 houses at a cost of £3,000,000,000 and then hand the houses over to the local authorities for management and repair. This would mean that the rents would go up far more than under the Government's plan. As you know, councils can put up their rents without limit and most of them, irrespective of party, have in fact done so since the war. In addition, under the socialist plan the tenants would lose their legal right to stay on in their homes.

Anyhow, we don't think that everybody wants to live in a council house. Many people, particularly young married couples with moderate means and a few points on their local housing list, would like to own their own homes if only the terms were easy enough; if only it were made easier to start. The snag is to find the lump sum. We believe they should be given the chance to own their own homes. As a party we've always believed in this—it forms part of our policy to create a property-owning democracy.

The Government's scheme, which was recently announced, to make house purchase easier by reducing the amount of money you have to put down for a small house is a great step forward. It will turn many hopes into homes, because it should bring home ownership within the reach of many who have not been able to afford the first deposit. Now, to purchase a house you may need to put down no more than a shilling in the pound; half of what it has been up to now.

What about some of the other things which our opponents thought we couldn't do? The country is now paying its way in the world. The margin is small, but we are masters of our own fate. Confidence in the pound has been restored. Rationing will end altogether on July 3. Both P.A.Y.E. and purchase tax have been cut. The rise in the cost of living has been steadied in the last twelve months.

It's natural to grumble about the things that have gone up in price; but don't forget the

things that have come down—bacon, eggs, vegetables, clothes, and pretty well everything with purchase tax on it. Pensions and other social security benefits were increased by us in 1952. But we know that many of the old people are still having a hard time. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Minister of National Insurance have both said they want to help. I personally believe that something will be done before long.

Now, what have all these things to do with the council elections? I think a great deal. Local affairs should be in the hands of competent people. On their record, I think it's fair to say that, however well-intentioned socialists may be, they have not proved themselves to be competent administrators. How can they be, when they believe in so many muddled and unsuccessful political theories? Is it wise to trust the administration of your local council to them? The councillors you will elect will be the councillors who will decide what rates you will pay. Let us look for a moment at some of the big towns which are county boroughs. Which of them is levying the highest rate? It is a socialist-controlled council. Which of them is levying the second highest rate? It is a socialist-controlled council. Which of them has increased the rate most this year. It is a socialist-controlled council. And so the story goes on.

These same people will have a considerable say in the local housing programme. In many cases they will also decide about the building of the local schools for your children. They will run the civil defence services; and the roads; and many of the health services. Socialists, if we look at their performance rather than their promises, have failed to carry out their national responsibilities with either efficiency, success, or even agreement amongst themselves. Can you rely on them locally? Incompetent management by your local councillors can often be just as damaging as incompetent control at Whitehall. You need to get the best out of both central and local government.

There is one final point. The doctrine of the class-war is poison. Only too often do our socialist opponents rely on this method of propaganda to enlist sympathy and support for their cause. It is a dangerous game they are playing. Whatever our party differences, whatever our political opinions, we are still one nation. We must still pull together. Internal hatreds can only weaken Britain and please our enemies. So do think over these things before deciding whom you vote for this week. And please don't forget to vote. It is your right and your privilege, and the surest way of retaining the freedom that we enjoy.

What football match did you watch? Are you fond of ballet? Were you interested in the visit to Versailles? Or did you prefer the Vatican? These are some of the questions which will be put by letter, telephone, and in personal interviews, to viewers in Britain, France, and Germany during June and July, when nineteen television programmes are being exchanged between eight European countries. To prepare a survey in conjunction with this exchange, which takes place between June 5 and July 4 next, the audience research directors of the B.B.C., Nordwestdeutscher Rundfunk, and R.T.F. met in Paris at the invitation of Unesco. They drafted questionnaires which will be applied for the first time on an international scale so that a comparison can be made between the reactions of different audiences to the same programme. By sending the questionnaires to selected viewers and interviewing in person or by telephone hundreds of others in each country, the audience research experts hope to find the answer to many questions which at present concern all those who see in television an important new medium for international communication. The meeting was called as part of Unesco's general study of the problem of 'crossing borders by television'—a follow up of the recent publication *Television—a World Survey*.

NEWS DIARY

May 12-18

Wednesday, May 12

At the Geneva Conference the Viet-Nam representative puts forward his proposals for a settlement in Indo-China. President Eisenhower, speaking to a press conference in Washington, says that the free nations should not 'write off Indo-China'.

Delegates to an international conference in London draw up a convention to prevent the pollution of beaches by oil.

Thursday, May 13

The French Government secures a vote of confidence in the Chamber by a majority of two votes.

The bank rate is reduced to three per cent. Commons debate members' salaries and expenses.

Labour makes gains in borough council elections in England and Wales.

Mr. Eden puts forward proposals at Geneva for a settlement in Korea.

Friday, May 14

The French National Defence Committee meets to consider the situation in Indo-China. The evacuation by air of French wounded from Dien Bien Phu begins.

The Commons agree to a resolution urging the Government to take steps to improve the telephone service.

Saturday, May 15

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh return to London after their six-months' tour of the Commonwealth.

Mr. Nehru says that India will consider assisting in a negotiated settlement over Indo-China.

Sunday, May 16

The Chief of Staff of the French Armed Forces leaves on a visit to the Commander-in-Chief in Indo-China.

Special prayers for the Royal Family and Commonwealth throughout Britain.

Two hundred persons are killed in riots near Dacca in East Pakistan.

Monday, May 17

Prime Minister makes statement in Commons about British policy in south-east Asia.

Unofficial strike begins on Western region of British railways as protest about proposals for new 'lodging turns'.

Tuesday, May 18

General election is held in Eire.

Transport Tribunal hears application for increased fares in London.

Liverpool Cotton Exchange reopens.



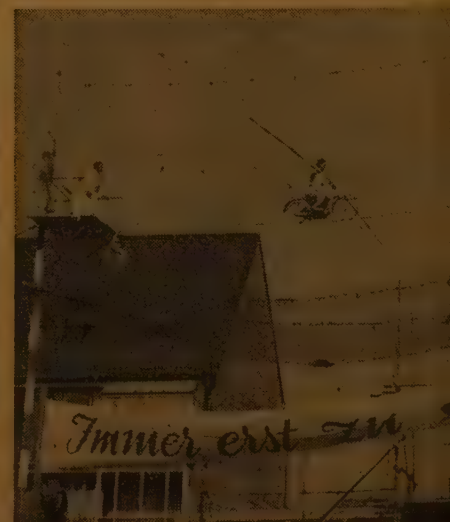
The royal yacht *Britannia*, bringing the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh home from their six-months' tour of the Commonwealth, being greeted by cheering crowds as she passed under Tower Bridge on May 15. The rest of the journey, to Westminster Pier, was made in the royal barge.



A. F. Kersting
Staunton Harold Church, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, which celebrated its tercentenary last year and has now been taken over by the National Trust. Until repairs have been carried out, however, the church cannot be opened to the public.



Roger Bannister (centre), who recently ran being presented in New York last week with trophy by Mr. William Ackerman on behalf of the Olympic Games Commission. The original trophy was not presented as it would have impaired the race.





A photograph taken as Her Majesty and the Duke, together with their children, drove in state from Westminster to Buckingham Palace. The carriage, with its escort of Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards, is seen leaving the Mall



The Royal Family, on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, acknowledging the welcome of the crowds. The Queen and the Duke made four appearances during the day



Under four minutes, the Miracle Mile Southern California (the picture) could amateur stunts



Wreaths being placed at the foot of Florence Nightingale's statue in Waterloo Place, London, on May 12 to mark the 134th anniversary of her birth

Left: an acrobatic motor-cyclist performing on a tight-rope in Frankfurt last week. In the background is the spire of the Cathedral



Cherry blossom in full bloom in Kew Gardens: a photograph taken in last week's summerlike weather



CAMBRIDGE BOOKS

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The main theme of this seventh international annual for scholars and playgoers is Shakespeare's language and style. Other articles include the first part of a layman's guide to the problems of editing Shakespeare, by JOHN DOVER WILSON. 8 plates. 18s. net

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The author believes that the novels of the eighteen-forties gain from being seen in relation to each other, to their time, and to their first readers. While many minor novels are drawn on, the emphasis is on major novels, some of which are shown in a new light. The four examined at length are *Dombey and Son*, *Mary Barton*, *Vanity Fair* and *Jane Eyre*. Ready in June.

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Summer Books

Art of the New World

Ancient Arts of the Andes. By Wendell C. Bennett. Introduction by René d'Harnoncourt. Putnam. 45s.

Art of Ancient Mexico. By P. Groth-Kimball and F. Feuchtwanger. Thames and Hudson. 42s.

Reviewed by G. H. S. BUSHNELL

WHEN the Spaniards reached the New World, the most highly developed civilisations which they found were in Mexico and the Andean region which centres in Peru. Each had been preceded by a long succession of cultures which began over 3,000 years before, during which time an impressive artistic heritage had been built up. Fine collections from both areas exist in this country, the best being in the British Museum, but many periods are not represented in them and they tend to be lost in the richness of the material from other areas which surrounds them. Hence the art of Mexico was little known here before its dramatic introduction by the exhibition which drew crowds to the Tate Gallery last year, and that of Peru is still the preserve of a few, though it has recently been demonstrated to the American public by a notable exhibition in the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

These exhibitions have given rise to the two beautifully produced books under review. Each contains a fine series of photographs of objects selected mostly from the exhibition it deals with, together with a few which illustrate notable archaeological sites in the field. Those in *Art of Ancient Mexico* are taken with an eye to artistic effect and are superb; each occupies a full page and, except for four in colour, they are grouped together after an introduction. Those in *Ancient Arts of the Andes* are scattered through the text, and are excellent, straightforward reproductions which do not disdain, on occasion, to show an inartistic stand. Five are in colour. This volume is intended as an introduction to its exhibition, whereas the other is rather a souvenir.

The text of the Andean volume is an archaeological account of the area covered, which comprises not only the Andes and the adjacent coasts from Chile and north-west Argentina to Colombia, but also the Amazon region and those parts of Central America whose relationships point mainly to the south. It was written by a master of the subject, Professor Wendell Bennett of Yale, whose accidental death last year is deeply regretted by all who work in this field. He has written fuller summaries of what is known about South American archaeology, and here he must have been strictly limited in space, but no one could have picked out the essentials more skilfully. The subject is dealt with very briefly from an artist's point-of-view in the stimulating introduction by Mr. René d'Harnoncourt, the Director of the Museum, who also points out that artists are only now beginning to discover the earlier Peruvian cultures, which have yielded some of the most vigorous and original works of art, since few of their products are to be seen outside Peru.

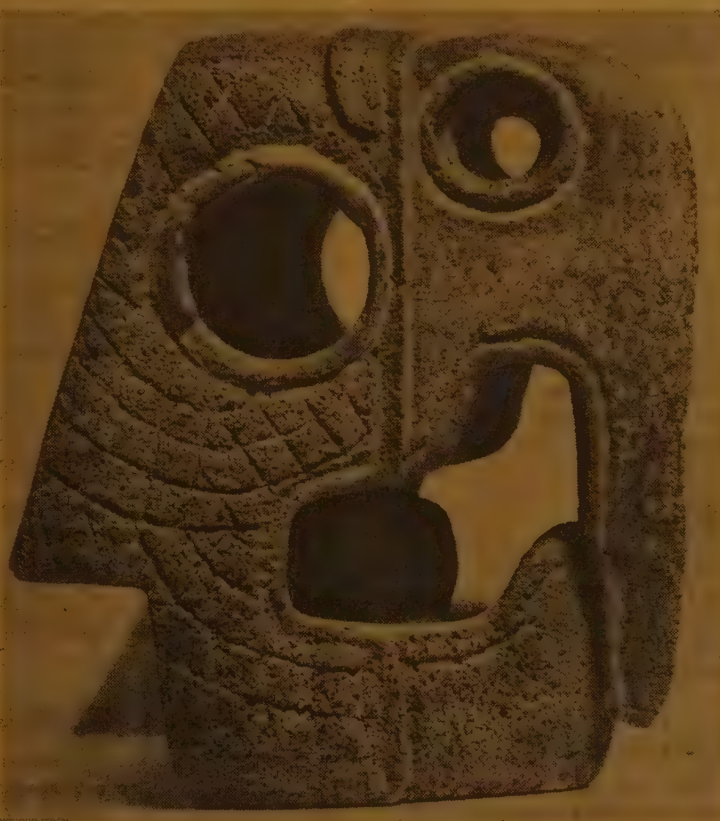
The objects illustrated include some rare treasures of pottery, cloth, wood, stone, and metal from museums and private collections in Peru, the United States, and elsewhere, some of which have never been shown in public before. They give an excellent idea of the range and variety of Andean art. Some errors of fact have crept into the captions of the illustrations, an obvious instance being the ascription of Fig. 140,

actually from the Chilean coast, to the Argentine culture of Calchaquí, but it is virtually certain that Bennett would have corrected these had he lived. On the final map, the names of Panama and Costa Rica are transposed.

The horrors of much Aztec art, based on Aztec religion, blinded some commentators on the Mexican exhibition to the many gentler and more pleasing things which were made, not only before, but at the same time. The Mexican volume puts these matters in their proper perspective, and those who visited the exhibition will recognise many old friends—the little figurines and the black fish bowl from Tlatilco, the bearded Olmec 'wrestler', the old man from Monte Alban, the

lovely Maya vase from Nebaj, the delicate Totonac stone carvings, the lively pottery figures of men and animals from Western Mexico, and the Toltec stone macaw's head, to name but a few. We all have our favourites, and I regret the absence of one of the great heraldically carved wooden war drums and the green stone pumpkin, both of the Aztec period, as well as the choice of a monochrome plate of the Mixtec tripod vase, which depends so much on its colour for its effect, to represent the pottery of later times, but in general the choice of subjects cannot fail to please.

The introduction is helpful in supplying a background to the objects and gives an account of the archaeology which is generally up to date, but is marred by a number of obscurities and irritating features which are probably due to an imperfect command of English, as well as some errors of detail. 'Historical times' is used (page 9) to mean the Christian era, the word 'cultic' (page 14) is an invention which should not have been allowed to see the light, and the meaning of a 'decoratively broadened' style (page 28) must be left to the reader's imagination. It would be easy, but tedious, to lengthen the catalogue



Stylized head of a macaw: basalt sculpture from Xochicalco, Toltec era
From 'The Art of Ancient Mexico'

of linguistic blemishes, but there are some more concrete matters which cannot be allowed to pass. That Maya art was particularly devoted to the 'god of the sun or of the planetary order' (page 16) is highly questionable. Archaeologists have long since learned that the word 'archaic' is not a true description of the early cultures of Mexico, but the author has piled on the agony by coining the term 'archaic-ceramic' for them. In one place (page 18) he says that certain terracottas are 'by all standards archaic', but in another (page 26) he confounds himself by saying that they are 'of a remarkably high quality . . . singularly original and elegantly shaped, sensitive and highly expressive', which are not exactly archaic characteristics! Plumbate (not 'plombate') ware is named after its appearance and it does not contain lead, as stated on page 27. It is not clear which of the authors was responsible for the list of illustrations, but the word 'glaze' is misused in no fewer than eight places in it: an elementary characteristic of aboriginal American pottery is the extreme rarity of glaze, and there are no illustrations of glazed pottery in this book. It is a pity that the letterpress could not have been revised to bring it up to the standard of the illustrations and general production of the volume.

some new and forthcoming books

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The Struggle in Malaya

Malaya: Communist or Free? By Victor Purcell.
Gollancz. 15s.

THIS IS A REMARKABLE BOOK. Closely argued, packed with facts, vividly written, it makes a sustained and dramatic attack on the course of British policy in Malaya since the war. Its most obviously sensational passages are those which attack General Templer, High Commissioner until June this year. General Templer is depicted as an autocratic soldier rudely trampling on the susceptibilities of local Malays, Chinese, and even Europeans. It is not the first time these charges have been made against him, but it is the first time that they have been so heavily substantiated. But although Dr. Purcell makes no attempt to hide his hostility to General Templer, and frequently cites his actions as examples of what is wrong in Malaya, he puts him in perspective as a symbol expressive of the general attitude of the British towards Malaya.

The theme is that the war against the communist bandits is not simply a military affair. Collective punishment imposed on villages, the official descriptions of searches in the jungles for communists as 'fox hunts', the very strict regulations which go a long way to suppress free speech, can only be temporary measures if they are not to harden into a system of government. It is Dr. Purcell's contention that in fighting communism in Malaya we have become far too authoritarian and have almost slipped into imposing a totalitarian regime too little different from the communist rule we are trying to prevent. Dr. Purcell exposes the fraudulent nature of the communist claim that the communist campaign of murder and violence is a nationalist independence movement; but he warns against the danger of creating communist sympathisers by short-sighted repressive measures. There is no dispute about the need to maintain peace and conditions of security in the land. But there is much to be said about seeking to achieve that end through means which extinguish hope and liberty.

When the local population are antagonised by the British the communists are not weakened but gain in strength and become the more difficult to eliminate militarily. Dr. Purcell strongly maintains that Malaya can only be won for the cause of freedom if she is given freedom. He appreciates the difficulties of self-government in a country where there is more than one nationality and keen jealousy between the two strongest communities—the Chinese and the Malays. But as a lover of the Chinese he believes that their unwillingness to regard themselves as full citizens of Malaya instead of part citizens of China has been much exaggerated, and he thinks that the actual establishment of self-government would do much to heal divisions. It is depressing that many in Malaya are beginning to doubt Britain's good faith, and to accept as accurate the communist assertion that Malaya can never be free because Britain wants her dollars. It cannot be denied that constitutional progress has not been initiated with the energy and enthusiasm that have accompanied the military campaign. Even now in the mainland of Malaya there are no elected members in the Federal Legislative Assembly and although the Colonial Secretary has just endorsed the proposals for a Legislative Assembly containing a majority of elected members there have still been no elections.

After reading Dr. Purcell's book it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the gamble of moving straight ahead into full self-government for Malaya would be worth taking. It could be done on a time limit basis, as was the case in India. The date on which effective self-government would be transferred would have to be much further ahead than it was in India—say, ten years. During that time a workable constitution could be evolved, maybe borrowing from the Swiss model which has been so effective in ensuring adequate representation in the central government for the different communities. Within this period the entry of Malays and Chinese into the Malayan Civil Service should be accelerated (at present there are no Chinese in the Malayan Civil Service and only sixty-four Malays). On the material level Britain would be unlikely to lose because even today, despite slights and setbacks, the great majority of Chinese and Malays want to remain in the Commonwealth and, since they would also remain in the sterling area, the dollars earned by Malayan rubber and tin would, as at present, still be part of the sterling area dollar pool. Malaya will wish, if she is treated fairly, to remain in the Commonwealth because she will want protection against possible encroachments from China in the north and from Indonesia in the south. She is conscious too of the

benefits of belonging to a world-wide organisation. The tragedy that Dr. Purcell is afraid of is that the military approach to Malaya will continue to dominate our policy until by it the Communists have been made unbeatable and until the sympathy of Malaya as a whole will have swung towards them and away from the British. Getting the right policy in Malaya is an urgent matter and Dr. Purcell has made out an unanswerable case for the proposition that at the moment we may be on the way to disaster.

WOODROW WYATT

Letters from Haworth

The Brontë Letters. Edited by Muriel Spark. Nevill. 13s. 6d.

THE BRONTËS' letters have hitherto not been easily accessible to the average reader, for on the one hand the letters used by Mrs. Gaskell and other biographers are given in extract and closely woven into the text, and on the other, the four volumes of the Shakespeare Head *Life and Letters* seem rather large and daunting except to the specialist student. Yet no authority is more reliable for realistic information about this strange family, or more corrective of the sentimental cult which modern critics deplore, than the Brontës' own letters, written in everyday language on normal occasions, without a thought of publication. Gratitude is therefore due to Mrs. Spark for her presentation of a selection of the letters in a handy one-volume form.

Out of some 1,000 letters available, she has chosen 130, in which all the Haworth Brontës are represented, as well as three or four other relevant persons. No important facet of the Brontës' lives is omitted, and almost all the key letters are here. The scorching rebuke of Mary Burder to the lover who jilted her, revealing Mr. Brontë's essential snobbery and arrogance; Emily's single unrevealing epistle; the intimate birthday notes of Emily and Anne; the bombast of Branwell to the editor of *Blackwood's*; the contrasting agonised good sense of Charlotte's replies to Southey's stringent notes, Charlotte's letter to Aunt Branwell unfolding the Brussels scheme; her letters to Emily during her second sojourn there; her passionate outpourings to M. Heger—by the way there should be no accent on this name, on the authority of the present Heger descendants; her sad note to Ellen Nussey after the James Taylor fiasco; her pathetic account of her engagement to Mr. Nicholls; the literary correspondence with Smith and Williams; the deeply felt letter after her marriage, when she 'knows more of the realities of life than once' she did; Mr. Nicholls' tragic note announcing her death—all are to be found, and easily found, in this neatly indexed volume. The only letters of importance which one might seek in vain are Charlotte's of August 7, 1841, to Ellen, when she reveals what emotions 'swelled to her throat' on reading Mary Taylor's account of her foreign travels—the *fons et origo* of the Brussels plan; and the wistful pair of January 1851 which indicate her feelings towards George Smith, her lively publisher.

Instead of footnotes, of which she is sparing, Mrs. Spark provides a short but on the whole sufficient introduction, in the course of which she makes several interesting points. One, too often neglected in biography, asserts the very real truth that letters are written to individual correspondents and are meant to suit them and them alone. Charlotte writing to Emily, to Ellen, to Mr. Brontë, to Branwell, takes a different style and tone each time, dwelling on the aspect of the news she gives which will most interest the recipient of the letter.

Mrs. Spark's lack of interest in the Angria and Gondal daydreams as Brontë sources sometimes leads her astray. For example, she considers Charlotte's letters to Ellen Nussey at the age of twenty to be overstrained expressions of 'imagined guilt', whereas in the very letters she has selected for this period are to be found clear references—to 'the dreams which absorb me . . . the fiery imagination which eats me up . . . I am a coarse, commonplace wretch . . . repressing evil thoughts . . . my evil wandering thoughts, my corrupt heart, cold to the spirit and warm to the flesh', and so on—which are exactly the repentant impulses natural to a daughter of the parsonage who finds herself absorbed in the illicit amours of her imaginary Duke of Zamorna. (Nor, by the way, was Branwell interested in military bands for their own sake, but as an ornament to Zamorna's coronation ceremony as King of Angria.)

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perhaps rather under-valued and Anne's poems rather over-valued by Mrs. Spark, who seems to estimate Charlotte's attitude to Anne's productions a little too harshly. Admitted that Anne's portrait of the drunken Huntingdon (drawn from Branwell) in *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* is superb as regards his family life, surely Anne was, as her sister says, 'unqualified' to depict the sophisticated orgies which preceded these morning-after sulks? They certainly read naively.

A fresh and valuable point is made by Mrs. Spark, however, when she lays stress on the 'motif of storm' which the Brontë children derived from their father. Of this the letters by Mr. Brontë printed here furnish highly relevant illustrations.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY

American Letters

The Literature of the United States

By Marcus Cunliffe. Pelican Books. 3s. 6d.

WHAT A PROBLEM one is up against, writing about American literature for the British public! Mr. Cunliffe, a sensible new-style lion-tamer, coaxes us with soothing words (and a chair-leg handy, in case of accidents) into the right frame of mind. Might we not agree—now that Matthew Arnold is dead and buried—that there is a difference between English and American literature? If so, might we not then agree that there are American writers of sufficient stature to justify our study of them? ('The English reader may accept my assumption that there is such a thing as American literature, and concede that American writers, like the Irish, have managed surprisingly well with their mixed-up heritage'). What might seem a trifle apologetic to American readers is for us a daring suggestion, for, in our British-centred universe, we have not even yet quite accepted that the body of literature which has been produced across the Atlantic during the past 350 years is worthy of our serious attention.

Mr. Cunliffe is persuasive. We growl a little, just to show that we *could* fight back if we wanted to. But we are soon eating out of his hand, and he leads us confidently, pointing out the necessity of accepting the foreignness of American literature; the effect of 'double consciousness' (of the Old and New World) on American writing, and the accompanying love-hate relationship between American child and European parent; the curious position of the American writer, almost outside society. What this book essentially does is show us the whole sweep of American writing in clear perspective—the American tradition, in fact, to which Americans now look back and on which they build. Longfellow and his contemporaries might have looked instinctively to Europe, but the most recent writers, like Randall Jarrell, are secure in their American background.

What we have in *The Literature of the United States* is a remarkably good survey of American literature, with the choice of figures one might get in an American college, but treated by a highly perceptive English mind, alert for differences and always ready with explanations. The approach is academic, so the reader who is looking for a lead on Erskine Caldwell, or James Thurber, or the Saroyan of the stories, will be disappointed; so, too, will be the reader who sees American literature as chiefly valuable for the view it gives of American life and would like something on, say, the 'muckrakers' (Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, Upton Sinclair) or Thorstein Veblen, in order to illustrate that America contains radicals as well as McCarthy-ites, or on Negro writing because he is interested in the Negroes in America. It is not Mr. Cunliffe's purpose to use American literature as an illustration of American life, although he is not lacking in illustrations from American life when they make a point about a piece of writing. He obviously believes wholeheartedly that American literature is worthy of study in its own right, and his book is extremely valuable for this very reason. It gives us the weight, the substance, the seriousness of the best American writing and it covers the ground so well that there is only one possible quibble: that only four chapters out of the fifteen are devoted to twentieth-century literature, the richest period of American writing. This is in perfect conformity with the requirements of 'Lit. Hist. (American)' but it has necessitated, for example, crowding Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, James T. Farrell, John Steinbeck, William Faulkner, and Thomas Wolfe into thirty-one pages, whereas Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne get thirty to themselves. It is certain, however, that Mr.

Cunliffe did not make this decision lightly, and his reason may have been that, whereas we all know something about the modern period, very few of us are grounded in the tradition of American writing, which he has been concerned to establish.

It is rare to find a literary historian with the scholarship which Mr. Cunliffe possesses who also has the power to write so stylishly. Even his footnotes have an air about them, and since they are usually not only pointed but amusing, it can be appreciated that this is something unusual in the way of literary histories. The discussion of Edgar Allan Poe versus the 'Edgarpo' of the French is engagingly witty, and 'conscientious sexuality' and 'frozen passion' illuminate in a phrase aspects of Frank Norris and William Faulkner. But the wit does not detract from the fundamental seriousness of this book, which is written with a sort of courteous forthrightness which makes the reader feel the common sense and reliability of Mr. Cunliffe's literary judgments. The sympathy for and understanding of America which runs underground through the book comes to the surface in this passage from the Introduction:

For those who live under the northern soot-pall, in the wilderness of factories and housing estates; whose ancestors came from villages of which the family has preserved no memory; who will probably move in a few years to another home, another town; who know the atmosphere of those bleak English landscapes so well evoked by W. H. Auden . . . for millions of such people, the time-scale, the undercurrent (however faint) of alienation, the knowledge of ugliness, are closer to the American experience than is the England of our Christmas-card suppositions.

Condensed biographies of the most important writers and fifteen pages of bibliography—indicating, among other things, what further reading is available in this country—add to the book's usefulness and value. It is very fortunate that this, the first survey by an Englishman to cover the whole of American literature from colonial times to the present day, should have been written by a man of the calibre of Mr. Cunliffe. If Matthew Arnold could have seen this particular 'Primer of American Literature' it is likely that his reaction would not have been quite so testy. It deserves the widest possible circulation.

GEOFFREY MOORE

Inside Stories

The Truth about Dartmoor

By George Dendrickson and Frederick Thomas.
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Eighteen Months. By Anthony Heckstall-Smith.
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AFTER MAKING ALLOWANCES for a perhaps not inexcusable tendency to exaggerate, more than sufficient evidence is provided by the authors of *The Truth about Dartmoor* for the discomfiture of anyone with an atom of social conscience. Far too many books written by ex-prisoners, of diverse types, are in agreement on the fundamental deficiencies of our prison administration for their words not to ring true. And indeed no voluntary Prison Visitor who takes his work seriously can remain unaware of how different, in the way they are run, our prisons are from what they purport to be. The introduction of new reforms is at present not nearly so necessary as the need for making such reforms as already exist on paper a workable reality. For all the use these are, they would seem to have been devised merely to satisfy the complacency of an ignorant and unsuspecting public.

A prisoner's daily round, say the authors, should make as much demand as possible on the activities of both mind and body, the whole being a coherent scheme of training. In fact little is attempted in this direction. The futile, monotonous work to which a man is put can only increase whatever feelings of resentment he harbours at the commencement of his sentence. And the most tractable prisoner must resent the lack of facilities for keeping himself decent, since if he behaved outside the high walls as he is forced, by inadequate sanitary conditions (by no means peculiar to Dartmoor), to behave inside them, he would be classed by his neighbours as little better than an animal.

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JONATHAN CAPE

entirely to be believed; Mr. Heckstall-Smith has many to tell in his own book; and one cannot avoid the reflection that if it were not in any case a tragic injustice to imprison men for homosexual offences, it could be a farcical one—inasmuch as a change in their practices is seriously expected to result from an environment so obviously calculated to stimulate them.

Mr. Heckstall-Smith's book is the work of a professional writer who managed, during the eighteen months sentence he served at Wormwood Scrubs and Maidstone, to preserve a balanced judgment and a sense of humour. It may be read with intense interest by the average library subscriber, and should be made compulsory reading for all magistrates and penologists. At once a human and a shocking book, it is important for the light it throws upon matters which too often, for reasons of convenience, are kept as carefully from the public view as the prisoners themselves. Never does Mr. Heckstall-Smith pity himself or the men he met in prison; his very genuine concern is with the absurdity of a system whose effect frequently is to encourage rather than to prevent crime. He pays a deserved tribute to the constructive work done by Maidstone's enlightened Governor, John Vidler, during the time he was allowed to choose from other prisons candidates likely to benefit from the individualistic regime he had established. But unhappily that time has passed; and the unsuitable types now thrown at him because the overcrowding of prisons has made discrimination an impossibility, deteriorate instead of reacting to his sympathetic and sane methods. Of the much vaunted training system, Heckstall-Smith says: 'If you have ever been there you will know that any training in prison is a mere compromise with the devil of idleness!' He not only makes this statement, but in detail substantiates it.

These two books would be less disturbing to read if it were officially admitted that the sole purpose of sending a man to prison was not to reform his character but to punish him. We should then know where we stand, and also why our prisons are filled to overflowing. At present it is difficult not to accuse those who smugly extol the system as one that marches steadily forward from reform to reform, of blindness, if not of sheer hypocrisy.

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By Norman Suckling. Oxford. 25s.

MR. SUCKLING'S PREFACE tells us, with admirable honesty, what to expect from his book; a clear realisation of his own outlook as confirmed and supported by some, but not all, of Valéry's ideas. He confesses that he 'may have missed some of the subtleties of analysis whence Valéry drew his notion of the pure self', and indeed his own notion is recognisably different. We need, therefore, feel no surprise when he trims an idea of Valéry's into more acceptable shape, or leaves Valéry's arguments aside to attack Pascal on his own account with more penetrating ammunition from the philosophical reviews, or deprecates Valéry's affirmation of the logical gratuity and literary attractiveness of Descartes' *cogito* in order to defend a more traditional view of the legitimate operations of the mind; or, having quoted, again with admirable honesty, some pronouncement of Valéry's which seems to him dangerously heterodox, indicates the 'loophole of escape' provided by an interpretation more comfortable than convincing.

Civilisation, Mr. Suckling wishes to establish, implies detachment from and contempt of 'nature', 'organic life', 'mere continuity'. Some preoccupation with these things is 'inevitable but insignificant'; and for the 'sublunary' activities to which this preoccupation condemns us, he proposes a new adjective, 'ascholic'. Civilised activities, on the other hand, are 'autotelic', have no end beyond their intrinsic value; they are founded on the 'myths' of beauty and knowledge, and the most satisfactory of civilised activities are the creation or enjoyment of works of art and the pursuit of philosophy, with which Mr. Suckling does not share Valéry's dissatisfaction.

Much of Mr. Suckling's energy is devoted to stopping any gaps by which the 'ascholic', for which he has an impressive array of more familiar deprecating epithets, might invade the 'autotelic'. The gaps are not always easy to locate, however, and sometimes we are led round in circles looking for them; for instance, the statement that poetic satisfaction 'is concerned with the forms of things, using this

word to indicate a contrast not with their *substance* but with the remainder of their *functions* apart from the formal one', does not explain Valéry's statement that prose conveys a meaning which can be held in the mind apart from the specific words in which it is conveyed, while poetry conveys a meaning inseparable from its verbal form; it merely restates it in terms more difficult to grasp, in a form which comes perilously near tautology, and leaves us shaking our heads over the same reservations.

Mr. Suckling is not unaware of some of the reservations. He admits that prose may be poetic. But he maintains the distinction between language as 'fiduciary exchange' and language as used in poetry for the 'autonomous purposes of the mind', because the establishment of such dichotomies is essential to the coherence of his attitude. Yet since Valéry's heyday no topic has engaged the attention of first-class minds more than language. The insights which Valéry largely owed to Mallarmé and Mallarmé partly owed to the philological and esoteric speculation of his time, are still valid as insights, but we now have means to reinterpret them and to question the conclusions they drew. Mr. Suckling likes their conclusions and refuses to question. He has, his preface tells us, no 'interest in psychology for its own sake'. It would be unfair to say that he has no interest in any views which differ from his own, since much of his book is devoted to his joyfully contemptuous attack on thinkers who base their own notion of civilisation on religion or biology. But it is fair to say that he has no interest in any new perspectives which might narrow the gap between the things he sunders—the language of men and the language of poets, living and thinking. At the end of his book we are left with the impression that the definition of civilisation which he proposes is a matter of choice rather than of exact correspondence with demonstrable facts. Not that this invalidates his choice, in many ways admirable and often ably defended. But it leaves us with our own to make, and with the resolve, perhaps, to make it less self-consciously exclusive.

J. M. COCKING

After Burke

Politics and Opinion in the Nineteenth Century

By John Bowle. Cape. 25s.

MR. JOHN BOWLE'S well-known study of *Western Political Thought* ended with Edmund Burke. In his present book Mr. Bowle moves into the richer atmosphere of the nineteenth century to write about such theorists as Hegel, Proudhon, Marx, Engels, Sorel, Bernstein, Green, and Bradley. If he finds himself less at home in such company than in that of Plato, Seneca, Aquinas, Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, and Hume, who will reproach him? Mr. Bowle is an Aristotelian, and the nineteenth century in political thought was the great age of all things alien to Aristotle, of high prophecy and pretentious systems, of confused moralities and muddled thinking, not to mention vulgarity.

Mr. Bowle cares only for clear thought and moderate persuasions; and while he has a stern conviction of the need for European unity, his approach is for the most part empirical. He is also a man of taste, and the turgid inelegant style in which so many of the great political books of the nineteenth century are written has visibly pained him. Only W. E. H. Lecky (alas, a relatively minor person) seems to have afforded Mr. Bowle any distinctly literary pleasure.

He has written a 'book about books', a form of literature which many readers sincerely despise, and for which few are willing to admit their gratitude. No one could, however, read the originals of all the books here summarised in less than two or three years. Mr. Bowle can be read in eight agreeable hours, and if his book had no other use, it would still be an excellent bibliographical guide to its field.

In some respects his book is surprisingly austere. Mr. Bowle has resisted the temptation to set his figures in the landscape of events, for that method (which others have employed) does justice neither to philosophy nor to history; and he has resisted what may have been an even greater temptation to relate his philosophers' theories to their biographies, for then *Ideengeschichte* would have succumbed to psychology. As it is, potted lives are relegated to the footnotes, and the reader is left to speculate unaided on Mill's relationship with Harriet Taylor, on Green's inordinate zeal for total abstinence, and Bradley's summers in Paris. The only 'context' in which Mr. Bowle tries to set the theories he examines is that of European civilisation.

His manner generally is more patrician than donnish. The number of trivial mistakes in the book at least proves him innocent of niggling short-sightedness. Even so, as a critic, Mr. Bowle is sometimes too generous and indulgent. He seldom lets his theorists damn themselves from their own mouths by quoting their more absurd and inconsistent utterances. And although he eyes the weapons of logical analysis, he does not actually employ them; he thus recalls a high-minded squire who would rather let his foxes live than shoot them.

In a last chapter entitled 'A New Humanism' Mr. Bowle takes a panoramic view of nineteenth-century trends and relates them to the predicament of mankind today. The two most important original contributions of the earlier, or Romantic, half of the century, were, he suggests, the cult of Will and the idea of 'improvement' based on an increasing body of professional knowledge. The first made itself manifest equally in individualism and nationalism; the second yielded not only utilitarianism but early sociology. The second half of the century

witnessed a yet heightened belief in the progress of man through the conquest of nature. It also brought the great left-wing onslaught on property, democracy, and Christianity; and the inevitable right-wing reaction.

Some of these developments were, Mr. Bowle admits, for the good, but at the end of the century there came into fashion among many intellectuals an attitude he considers thoroughly bad—the attitude of 'fundamental despair of politics'; and this, borrowing M. Benda's phrase, he calls the *trahison des clercs*.

Mr. Bowle believes that western civilisation depends for its survival on the active interest of cultured people in the principles of government. He is clearly afraid (with Mill) that their withdrawal must leave politics in the hands of crackpots, rogues, and psychopaths. It is a pity that crackpots, rogues, and psychopaths are (as this book shows) relatively as numerous among the *clercs* as they are among the Philistines.

MAURICE CRANSTON

Tolstoy Plain or Varnished

Tolstoy: A Life of my Father. By Alexandra Tolstoy. Gollancz. 30s.

Anna Karenin. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Rosemary Edmonds. Penguin. 5s.

ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY has already given us one study of her father, *The Tragedy of Tolstoy* (1933), which consists of personal reminiscences and is an extremely valuable source of information on Tolstoy's later life. She now attempts the more difficult task of writing a full-scale biography.

She has unfortunately been badly served by her translator, whose text bristles with obscurities, some (but only a small proportion) of which can be understood by those who are able to retranslate them mentally into the original Russian. The handling of names is especially inept. It is surely too much to assume, for example, that 'Kolya' can be readily identified by non-Russians as the 'Nikolai' who appeared in the preceding sentence, and many readers may be forgiven if they fail to realise for some time that one of the characters, a little girl named 'Sasha', is in fact the authoress of the book. In style the translation is deplorable. It is impossible to read without embarrassment such letters of Tolstoy as those to the (male) Russian poet Fet, beginning 'Darling Fetinka, truly, darling, I'm awfully, awfully fond of you', and even, as if this were not enough, 'duckie little old Fet, my truly darling friend Afanasi Afanasievich'. These absurdities are of course the sort of thing which English readers have been taught to regard as typically 'Russian'. They are in fact nothing of the sort.

Even if due allowance is made for the quality of the translation, it cannot be said that Alexandra Tolstoy has written a particularly valuable study, or one which will greatly increase our understanding and knowledge of her father. The early part of the book relies unduly on direct quotation, is over-emotional in approach, and suffers from a defect which might be termed 'heartiness' or 'gush'. People are constantly rushing into rooms 'like a whirlwind'. There is always 'a great bustle'. The place 'swarms with youngsters' who 'prance around' and 'think up all sorts of pranks'; and everyone has 'boiling energies'. The word 'love' is overworked. Though Tolstoy was a man of unusually deep and intense feelings, a true appreciation of this side of his character could only have been evoked in the reader by some method a little more subtle than the repetition of phrases like 'the boundless love stored up in his soul'. Another regrettable feature is the absence

of even an occasional flicker of irony, such as Tolstoy himself was fully capable of producing when considering his own affairs. By any standards he was one of the supremely great men of all ages; all the same, some of his doings and sayings were so preposterous that it becomes intolerable if they are retailed in an unremittingly devout manner. In this matter, as in many others, Alexandra Tolstoy's biography is inferior to several existing studies in English.

Fortunately the book does gain somewhat in dignity as it proceeds, particularly when we reach Alexandra Tolstoy's own period. She treats the vexed problem of the relations between her father and mother with sense and tact—no mean achievement when we remember that it was her mother's habit during Tolstoy's later years to blackmail him with hysterical scenes, including even, it would appear, faked attempts at suicide. Tolstoy's final departure from Yasnaya Polyana and his death in the station-master's house at Astapovo are movingly described.

It is a wise daughter who can write an acceptable biography of her own father and, while regretting the defects of the present attempt, one cannot help wishing to honour the motives which inspired it. The sympathetic personality of the authoress is not entirely obscured by writing of a quality which makes us understand only too well why her father's 'brows knit' whenever 'literary efforts of his family were mentioned'.

It is certainly a relief to turn to Tolstoy's masterpiece *Anna Karenin*, now deprived of the final 'a' with which it is often inconsistently credited, and issued as a Penguin Classic in a new translation. To read this novel is to enjoy one of the most exciting experiences which Russian literature has to offer. This new rendering stands up fairly well to comparison with Aylmer Maude's version, generally agreed to be the best English translation. Rosemary Edmond's style is more easy-going and more consistent with contemporary idiom than Maude's; on the whole it tends to depart further from the original, but without exceeding the bounds of what is reasonable. It is a thoroughly competent version and must surely come near to representing the best five shillings' worth of fiction on the market at the moment.

RONALD HINGLEY



Tolstoy with his grandchildren, Ilya and Sophie

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CRESSET PRESS

Idealist and Politician

Woodrow Wilson and the Progressive Era 1910-1917

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THE FIRST OF THESE BOOKS is a typical example of modern American historical scholarship. In thoroughness, detail, mastery of unpublished resources, and—dare we say?—lack of humour, the American professor of today seems to have ousted the German professor of fifty years ago. Dr. Link has already established himself as the leading authority on Woodrow Wilson with his book entitled *Wilson: The Road to the White House*, and in the work under review he attempts 'to synthesize the results of five years of research that I made for the next three volumes of my biography of Woodrow Wilson, which will cover Wilson's first administration'. The references to unpublished manuscripts in the footnotes could not be more impressive, though the author seems a bit weak on the British side of the story, inclining to accept, for example, what American statesmen said was Sir Edward Grey's policy rather than what Grey himself said. And thirty pages of the book are absorbed in an essay on sources.

How far do Woodrow Wilson and his era deserve such meticulous handling—a biography in an indefinite number of volumes and this book covering only some seven years? Wilson's own story is fascinating indeed: the university teacher who, originally destined by his father to be a Presbyterian minister, was at the age of fifty pitchforked (willingly enough) by the Democratic Party machine-men into national politics. Designed by his genes and his inclinations to be a peaceable ruler and mild social reformer, he was compelled to be a diplomat and war minister, bringing his country by a somewhat inept policy to the verge of war with Mexico, and later reluctantly acting as commander-in-chief in the first world war, after standing long on the sidelines urging on the combatants 'peace without victory'. When the war was over, he was to sacrifice everything at the Paris Conference to framing the Covenant of the League of Nations, only to have that very Covenant emasculated and then repudiated by his own United States Senate. While engaged in an exhausting speaking tour in order to try to save the League (wireless not being at his disposal it was the only way he could appeal to the 'people' over the heads of the 'politicians') he was struck down with paralysis, never to become effective President again.

But only a small part of that dramatic story is told in this book. Nor, even within its narrow compass, does Dr. Link lift his head much above the muddy waters of American politics. The book is the first of two in a new series called the 'New American Nation Series' intended to replace the old 'American Nation' series of history books which are familiar to all students of American history. How far this new series will appeal to British readers may be questioned. To the ordinary reader at any rate it is hard enough to understand what significant differences, other than in their geographical hold, existed then (or indeed now) between the Democratic Party and the Republican Party. When Wilson was chosen as their candidate by the Democratic Party managers he was not thought of as a progressive or even liberal in our terms. As Dr. Link observes 'at the time of his nomination, Wilson was a political conservative, almost totally ignorant of the issues agitating the people'. Theodore Roosevelt, the former Republican President, appeared to be the real radical in 1912 and it was only because Roosevelt split asunder his own party that Wilson was elected President. In the 1916 election his opponent was dubbed 'a whiskered Wilson'. Wilson proved himself to be a clever party man and a strong President but it cannot be said that his attitude either to labour or to the Negro problem was particularly generous. The 'New Freedom' which he had discussed warmly but vaguely in his campaign speeches was emphatically not a new freedom for them.

One thing, however, the ordinary British reader will learn from this book. It is widely and erroneously believed that the Americans were forced into the war because of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the Cunard liner, in which 128 American citizens were drowned. The *Lusitania* was torpedoed on May 7, 1915. But at the time of the election of 1916 Wilson said privately that he did 'not believe the American people would wish to go to war no matter how many Americans were lost at

sea'. On November 14 he sent for his *alter ego* Colonel House and told him that 'he planned to demand that the war be ended'.

House protested that such a move would be highly prejudicial to the Allies. The following morning Wilson announced that he had made up his mind to move for peace. But what if Germany agreed to a reasonable settlement and the Allies refused? House asked. In that case would not the United States drift into a sympathetic alliance with Germany? Might not France and Britain declare war on the United States? If the Allies wanted war, Wilson replied, he would not shrink from it.

Wilson, like Cromwell and Gladstone, was a combination of the idealist and the astute politician. A magnificent orator, he was sometimes the victim of his own eloquence, the prisoner of catch-phrases, of which the political scientist *manqué* that he was could scarcely have approved. Dr. Link hardly makes him an attractive or even human figure; but here rising out of the welter of unpublished manuscripts Woodrow Wilson stands for all to see, naked and not in the least ashamed.

The other book in the 'New American Nation Series' deals with the American War of Independence, but does not discuss its origins except perfunctorily. The author includes Sir Lewis Namier's books in his bibliography, but scarcely appears to have mastered their significance. It may be suggested that if all the volumes in this new historical series are to be published over here, the British publishers might represent to the distinguished editors that their authors should familiarise themselves with the British as well as American sources of information.

MAURICE ASHLEY

Mr. Morrison's Constitution

Government and Parliament

By Herbert Morrison. Oxford. 21s.

'MY DEAR, WE ALL KNEW you had it in you', Miss Dorothy Parker is supposed to have remarked to a friend safely delivered after an anxious pregnancy. The appearance of Mr. Morrison's long awaited *Government and Parliament* must have evoked comparable exclamations from his friends and admirers. No student of Mr. Morrison's political career can have doubted that his triumphant success rested upon a profound understanding of the nature of British government. But whether that understanding, so largely intuitive, if not indeed instinctive, could be distilled into a form useful to the student and the layman—well, the shelves of political libraries are crowded with the writings of those who, having much to tell, yet somehow, when it comes to the telling, have nothing to say. *Government and Parliament* will not gather dust at their side.

This is because, in the first place, it is a genuinely Morrisonian book. The Fellow of Nuffield has no more ousted Herbert Morrison than, of old, the Lord President of the Council and His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs were able to do. Although, as the preface makes plain, the manuscript was scrutinised by almost as many professional eyes as a state paper, yet the authentic personal touch has survived. The picture of the Supervising Minister living 'a lonely life in his little office', the allusion to Mr. Churchill's 'little custom of calling late ministerial meetings', the description of the Leader of the House standing 'at that Box alone' and 'either getting away with it or being in trouble', and the verdict that 'if we have to live with a Second Chamber there is something to be said for keeping them happy'—these are the true Morrisonian accents; they express the Cockney view of government that always scales down its immensities and formalities to the human level and sees the man (and fallible man at that) beneath the pin stripe and the ermine. The same quick responsiveness to government as a set of social institutions infuses vividness and realism into the splendid descriptions of Cabinet life with which the book opens and of departmental relations with which it closes. No one since Bagehot has better conveyed the feel of decision-making at the ministerial level.

But government is more than human relations. It is, Mr. Morrison delights to remind us, hard work. The Carnot of 1945 to 1950 has a lot to tell us about the hard, constructive grind of government, and to many readers the greatest value of Mr. Morrison's book will lie in the extraordinarily clear and frank exposition of such topics as the nature of Mr. Attlee's Cabinet structure, or the shaping of Labour's legislative programme (a most revealing chapter this). It is in these sections of the book that students of recent constitutional developments

will find most that is new; seldom, if ever, have the domestic arrangements of a successful administration been laid bare so fully, so soon, and so authoritatively.

Not that Mr. Morrison has been indiscreet. The reader who flicks over his pages or turns eagerly to his admirable index in hopes of finding 'revelations' is going to be disappointed. A mild anecdote of 'Ernie' baffled by House of Commons procedure, a reference (slightly surprising) to the late King's views on two death sentences, a sharply worded reproof to the Duke of Windsor for a journalistic indiscretion—this is as much as this eminent Privy Councillor permits himself. Over that field of which he is undisputed master, the art of party management, he has nothing to say which will startle or provoke complaint. Even on the painful subject of 'leakages' from Parliamentary Labour Party meetings he has spoken more frankly outside these covers than between them. Indeed, if at any point one puts down his book with a sense of disappointment it is here. The stock themes are all well expounded—even some of the debunked ones, such as the threat of dissolution as an instrument of party discipline—but the reader is not invited to eavesdrop on any secret councils. There are a couple of stark references to the Labour Party's disciplinary troubles, but Opposition critics will not find here—or anywhere else in the volume—that their enemy has given them much aid or comfort by the act of writing a book. Nuffield College must persuade Mr. Morrison to come back and write a sequel when both his and Mr. Bevan's Front Bench days are over and the retired party manager can really tell all. When that day arrives one hopes that Mr. Morrison will also dilate on one or two other themes which present reticence forbids—on the relations between politicians and the press, on the 'Inner Cabinet' in 1945 and after, on the trades unions in politics. But for the present he has given us riches enough and amply earned our thanks.

H. G. NICHOLAS

An Ordinary Woman

Rendez-vous 127. By Anne Brusselmans. Benn. 12s. 6d.

THIS IS ONE OF the least pretentious and most remarkable of Resistance books. Anne Brusselmans, a Belgian housewife who enrolled in the *Comète* organisation to help Allied airmen escape, kept a diary of her experiences. She records the most hair-raising adventures, the bloodiest episodes of political murder and reprisal, with an equanimity that brings Mrs. Dale to mind.

Mme. Brusselmans' style is the reader's first clue to the most rewarding element in this book, the author's own character. She reveals herself quite unconsciously, for there is not a trace of literary intent in this book. Every line is as matter-of-fact as a shopping memo. On May 10, 1940, she heard explosions and realised that Brussels, a city at peace, was being bombed without warning. She said, 'Let's have a cup of tea and then we shall see'. In September she and her husband Julien were approached by a Protestant padre to help hide British soldiers. Julien sighed, 'Well, we must do what we can, I suppose'. Anne said, 'Well, that's settled. Now let's have a cup of tea and go to bed'.

She continued her work for more than four years, keeping her stage of the escape 'railway' open when every other principal member of the organisation had been arrested. The scale of the work may surprise the reader. In September, 1943, she noted, 'I have received a letter from the south of Belgium saying that fifty more men are waiting their turn to come up'. In July, 1944, she made this entry: 'Altogether we now have fifty-four men tucked away in Brussels'. She and her colleagues had to contend with the Gestapo, with hostile Belgians, with traitors in their own organisation, and enemy agents who presented themselves in the guise of escaping Allied airmen. There was always the fear that comrades who had been arrested would give information under torture. There was the problem of controlling the escaping airmen, some of whom failed to understand that their hosts' lives were at stake and behaved rowdily, to everyone's peril. Mme. Brusselmans writes with astonishing gentleness of these men: '... poor Johnny is the noisy kind'. In addition, she had her two children to look after. Once, the whole escape machine was held up because they had mumps.

Anne Brusselmans' great protection was a shrewdness founded on innocence. Without any training or guidance in the art of conspiracy, she avoided all the mistakes that delivered so many others up to the enemy. It was the housewife in her that outfoxed the Gestapo for four



Anne Brusselmans

From 'Rendez-vous 127'

years. Hers were commonplace qualities distilled to a strength that was exceptional. Her cunning was essentially the cunning of the woman who pits herself every day at the market against unscrupulous, hard-bargaining shopkeepers. Her resourcefulness was that of the young wife who will make do in face of every difficulty. Her courage, businesslike, calm yet fanatical, was that which a mother displays when she is called upon to protect her loved ones. When the Germans searched her flat, she kept them out of a room in which a British airman was hidden, by telling them that there was a typhoid patient inside. 'If there is one thing that Germans are afraid of',

she noted imperturbably, 'it is infectious illness'. How many people, if they were expecting to be arrested by a merciless enemy, could write as she did one night: 'It is 3 a.m. now and so far I have not heard anything in the streets. ... If the Gestapo comes it will not be until 5 a.m., so I can sleep for a couple of hours'?

When the Liberation came, Mme. Brusselmans was decorated by the Belgian, British and American governments. There is nothing of this in her diary. She simply says that she bade goodbye to the last of 'her' airmen, then went indoors, to make tea for the children.

ALEXANDER BARON

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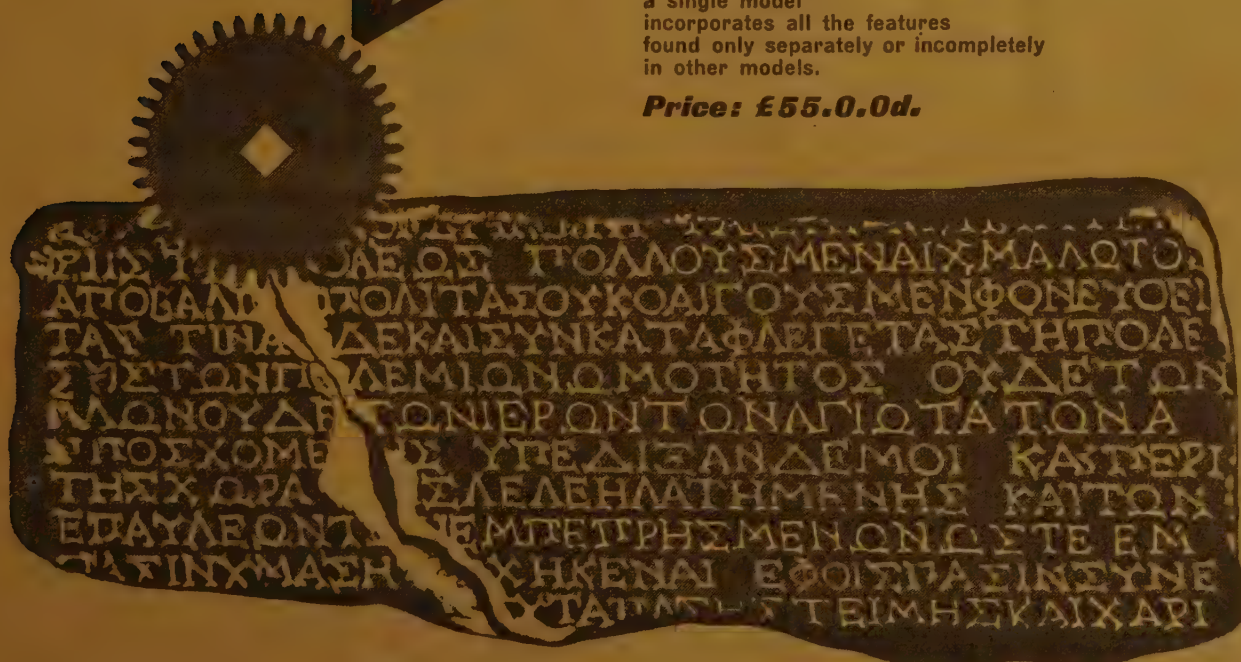
By Michael de la Bedoyere. Burns Oates. 15s.

COUNT MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE, the editor of the *Catholic Herald*, has attempted a novel kind of book and has brought it off. It deserves success. As the title indicates, it is about the practice of religion ('Religion is for practice', said Newman), and it is written out of personal experience. He is not a convert. He has, he tells us, been a Roman Catholic from the cradle. He was at a famous Jesuit boarding school, and he nearly joined a strict religious order. Yet it is, he says, only of late, when he is in his fifties, that he has come, as he feels, 'to understand a little of what Christianity in its fullness really means'. In the flush of his discovery, he has asked himself why 'Christianity, and still more Catholicity, makes very little impression on the world at large'. He feels that the fault lies with the Church, or, rather, with lay Roman Catholics, who do not themselves invariably appreciate perhaps the spiritual riches within their grasp. Although books on the mutual relations of religion and life are usually written, he says, by clerics, he is of the opinion that it may be good for once to have added to them some 'lay experience and reflection on spiritual matters'.

The result is not, it must be admitted, another *Autobiography* by Eric Gill. The successive chapters hold the attention less by charm than by hard sense. There are weak passages. The author says that 'the practice of journalistic writing makes expression relatively easy for me'. What he has found especially easy, it is evident, is the evasion or ignoring of difficulties. On the subject of free will, for example, he is too facile. His view of eligibility for salvation is hardly compatible with the 'Quicunque vult' of the Athanasian Creed. Generally speaking, he is of less interest about the Roman Church than about the



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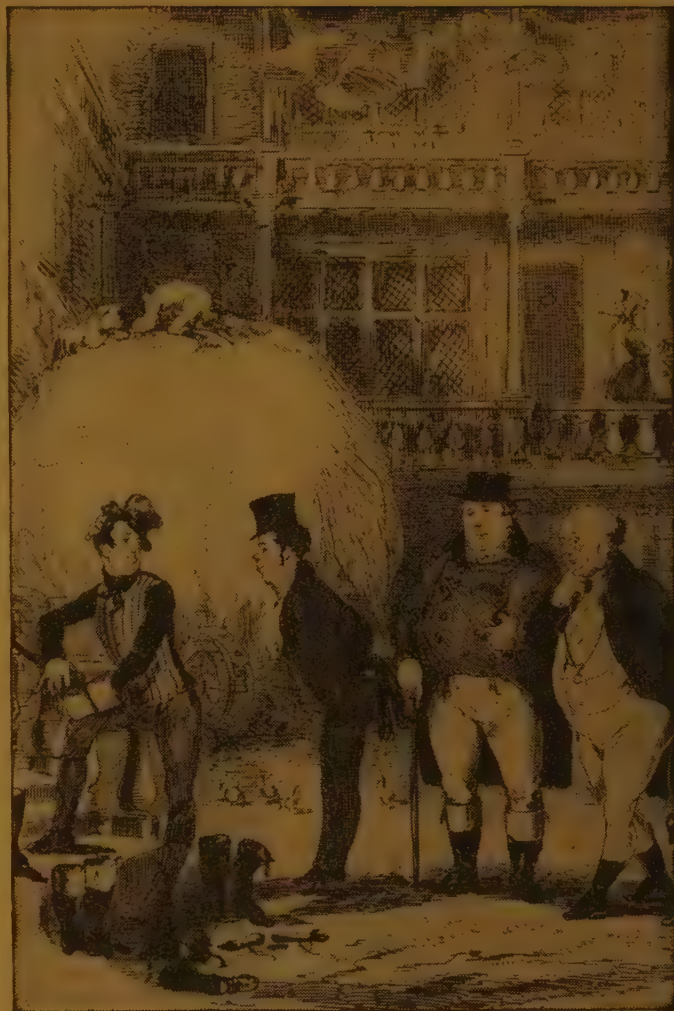
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objects of faith. Altogether, the picture which he draws is too smooth and sunlit and gay.

But that is compensated for by the simple clarity with which, as a former teacher of philosophy turned journalist, he goes to the heart of theology and confines himself to the practical aspect. It is in this that the value of the book will reside, not only for Roman Catholic laymen, but for all to whom the great metaphysical questions need to be related to the daily round. The whole argument takes on flesh and blood when the author avows, for instance, that in youth he combined punctilious religious observance with doubts concerning the very existence of God. The account of how the doubts were resolved strikes me as very good. It is indeed concerning what he calls 'the vital missing link' in the religion of many people—by which he means, he says, 'the sober, sane approach to God'—that the book should prove arresting, sensible, and helpful. If close attention is exacted, it is repaid.

MONTGOMERY BELGION

Reason in Sleep

Dreams and Nightmares. By J. A. Hadfield. Pelican. 2s. 6d.

AS THE PELICAN PSYCHOLOGY SERIES, of which Dr. Hadfield's book is the latest exemplar, proceeds on its way, it becomes increasingly necessary for the reader to be given ample editorial guidance not only as to its aim but as to the theoretical leanings of the authors. In his all too brief introduction to the present volume Professor Mace reminds the reader that he is about to make acquaintance with one of the great scientific issues of the age, and points out, not without gusto, that both psychologists and psychiatrists are divided into two camps on the matter, those who favour and those who oppose or criticise Freudian theories. Clearly it is impossible to produce a series of this kind without facing squarely the various conflicting theories as to the nature and function of the mind; but, as a previous volume on the *Uses and Abuses of Psychology* equally clearly shows, it is only too easy for such discussions to degenerate at times into polemic, leaving the unoriented reader in a state of confusion as to the respective merits of the contestants.

Let it be said at once that Dr. Hadfield is much too good a tactician to fall into this error. One of the most distinguished of our medico-psychological eclectics, he not only cleaves faithfully to the eclectic ideal of picking out what he considers to be the 'best' of a number of theories (thereby glossing over fundamental incompatibilities between them) but does what few eclectics are able to do, namely, having refracted the ideas in question through the medium of his personal experience, to produce a theory of his own, which he describes as the 'Biological Theory' of dreams.

For all practical purposes his book can be divided into two parts, a historical survey and an outline of his 'biological' hypothesis. The former is concerned mainly with Freudian and Jungian theories, from both of which the author has evidently drawn some inspiration. It is scarcely to be expected that either the Freudian or the Jungian will be satisfied with these outlines. The former will inevitably be reminded of many of the misconceptions regarding Freudian theory with which he had to contend in the nineteen-twenties, and the Jungian may fairly complain of the scant attention Dr. Hadfield devotes to the part supposed to be played in dreams by present-day moral problems, a characteristic Jungian view which nevertheless has powerfully influenced the author's own theories.

Dr. Hadfield's main objections to what he conceives to be the Freudian position regarding dreams do not differ greatly from popular misconceptions, e.g., that according to psycho-analysts all dreams are sexual and that since many dreams disturb the sleeper they cannot be said to function as the guardians of sleep. However commonly sexual excitation may threaten to disturb sleep (and the Freudian is the last to deny that such disturbances are extremely common) and consequently give rise to disguised wish-fulfilments, this fact does not in the Freudian view imply that there is a specific connection between sexuality and the function of dreaming. Any form of mental or physical excitation may disturb sleep, and, according to the psycho-analyst, set the process of sleep-preservation going, linking the disturbing stimulus to mostly repressed infantile drives and producing through the 'dream work' the hallucinated wish-fulfilment which only then enters consciousness

as a dream. That dreaming may none the less fail often to perform its function successfully is mainly a tribute to the strength of the unconscious forces and conflicts held in check in waking life but re-activated in the regressive course of sleep.

Dr. Hadfield is however a persuasive and gracious writer and no doubt will already have been met more than half-way by the general reader before the latter embarks on the section dealing with 'Biological' Theory. This, briefly, maintains that dreams, by reproducing the unsolved experiences of life, work towards a solution of these problems; they make us re-live dangers in imagination rather than sample them in reality; they warn us of consequences of rash actions; and, in the case of repetitive dreams, they keep unsolved problems before us until they are dealt with. Hence they are 'biological' in the sense of being 'adaptations to life'. They not only reveal but release hidden potentialities and repressed emotions so that we are restored to 'wholeness'. As to the nature of the problems, this is subsumed in the aphorism 'Whatever we worry about we can dream about'.

Here is a comforting, flattering, and sweetly reasonable hypothesis, which will no doubt appeal strongly to everyman, who is scarcely likely to be deterred by the Freudian caveat that it has about as much to do with 'biology' as buttered toast, and that the price of its acceptance is not just a few laudable emendations of Freudian theory, but a complete rejection of those starker generalisations about the psycho-biological function of the mental apparatus which Freud so painfully established. For Dr. Hadfield's theory can only be maintained by substituting for the Freudian dynamic unconscious (the Id), and the mechanisms of the dynamically unconscious ego, the concept of a rational 'subconscious' apparently capable of playing parlor games. Those who cheerfully maintain that the 'Biological' Theory is cheap at the price are counselled to suspend judgment until Professor Mace publishes a companion volume on psycho-analysis.

EDWARD GLOVER

East Wind

Pinorman: Personal recollections of Norman Douglas, Pino Orioli and Charles Prentice. By Richard Aldington. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

NO ONE NEED BE SURPRISED about this book. It is written by a man of principle. In his biography of Lawrence Mr. Aldington applauded that writer for attacking his friends, and held that the victims of a 'breach of hospitality' should have felt honoured at sitting as models to an artist in words. So now Mr. Aldington, seeing himself perhaps as the prophet's heir, has gone one better. Oh for a few thunderclaps from Douglas himself on the pleasures of being an artist's model!

Some twenty-three years ago the association of Douglas and Orioli was at its zenith. Fairly recently Orioli had acquired an apartment in the same building as Douglas on the Lungarno. It is worth mentioning that Douglas, the mean flinty Douglas, had advanced him £300 towards completing the price. I remember seeing the cheque. Douglas then was gay and debonair and eager to welcome new friends, as was Orioli. They were ready to take one to their particular restaurants, and Orioli would fling open his flat and his library unreservedly. Mr. Aldington was availing himself to the full of those privileges in the spring of 1931, and no one was enjoying the fun more. But now, by giving a bias to such facts as he remembers and sometimes using the flimsiest hearsay, he invites us to see Douglas as crudely selfish, greedy, unmannerly, dishonest, and a bore, if indeed not a fool; and Orioli as a drunken buffoon or, in his sober hours, a toady. Between these dark lines gleams the artist's self-portrait; a discerning epicure, the chivalrous friend of publishers, while a grateful letter from Orioli included in facsimile testifies, truly enough, to his generosity. But from his judgment of his dead friend he has excluded all generous allowances and any saving grace of humour. He is a trifle kinder to Orioli, but gives too much prominence to his rowdier phases. Orioli had rare qualities of mind and spirit. He was a loyal and engaging friend and a very shrewd critic.

Now Douglas was not a saint, nor did he concentrate on altruism. Harsh experiences had taught him a different outlook. But his bark was worse than his bite and he had a kindness and graciousness peculiarly his own. Mr. Aldington's clumsy caricature fails to account for his winning and keeping friends of every code and creed, and in

every station in life. How is it that, as we have been told, there are always flowers on the grave on Capri? There is clearly something for the future biographer to investigate here. Something more also will have to be said on the moral issue. Douglas' habits are well enough known. He himself neither concealed or obtruded them. Mr. Aldington has thought fit to rake together scandalous stories at a sort of police court level, including much that no court would listen to. Further, in one affair at least he gives the wrong implication. The complexities of Douglas' behaviour deserve insight and sympathy and a truthfulness that is stunted here.

More important really is the accusation that Douglas had lost his interests in writing and literature. Well, all writers are subject to *ennui*, and it may seem that Douglas was particularly liable to attacks in Mr. Aldington's company. One can only fall back on recollections of walks round Florence or later on Capri, when Douglas' unforced conversation and alert judgments and precepts were unforgettable.

Mr. Aldington's artistic principles are fortified by an unrelenting personal grudge. He thinks that Douglas deliberately ignored his merits and forced Orioli to suppress references to him in his two books. This is hazardous speculation, near to persecution mania. He also notes omissions of Prentice's name against whom there could be no animus. Nothing can be inferred from Orioli's casualness. More than once in this irresponsible book the author is found undermining his own batteries. There is indeed an absence of that 'clean thinking' which Douglas prized so much. Well, the thunderclap would have come. 'To the crocodiles with him!' And then the resigned phrase, so often used by Douglas of abnormalities, 'There is no accounting for tastes!'

D. M. Low

Scholastic Intuition

Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry

By Jacques Maritain. Harvill Press. 42s.

THE DOCTRINE THAT Jacques Maritain expounds in this volume is one that made its first appearance in the west not long after the sack of Byzantium by the French and the Venetians in the year 1204. This event made way for the unrivalled domination over occidental civilisation of the administrative spirit propagated by the Romans. After Thomas Aquinas (1226-1274) had endowed Christendom with the formidable theoretical apparatus, unshakably founded on Reason, of the scholastic philosophy associated with his name, no further possibility of it being affected by spiritual conventions and traditions of eastern origin remained.

M. Maritain, in attempting to submit the world of the arts to a comprehensive Aristotelian system that formerly was above all theological, only succeeds in consecrating the divorce of the arts from religion. Once painting has become separated from architecture, and architecture from ceremonial, each of the different forms of artistic expression tends to devote itself to the elaboration of a universe of its own, while philosophy, having become independent of a religion that is nothing without works, pursues its own investigations apart from either. Maritain, by adopting a point of view that regards everything as having been given once and for all, governed by discoverable laws and hence susceptible of being grasped by the intellect, may well be expected to look with most favour upon an art in which everything tends to be knowable and geometric. It is, in fact, the art of Cézanne which represents for him the twentieth-century criterion of achievement; all subsequent developments of art are considered as degenerating into minor or partial enterprises unless the subject matter happens to reveal the artist's faith. Among contemporary works he can still find beauty



Pino Orioli in Sicily

here and there, but there is nothing that he can regard as coming up to the standard of 'intellectual virtue, prudence and rectitude' in productive action ('making': *factibilis*) established by the 'great architect' Cézanne. His attitude in this respect is that of a follower of Giotto, who also to a formidable degree rationalised religion, as he understood it, in terms of painting. After the joint advent of St. Thomas and of Giotto, it was no longer possible to dispute the proposition that Beauty is a divine quality. If we augment this proposition by saying, as Maritain repeatedly does, that Beauty is that which is pleasing to behold, *id quod visum placet*, we must inevitably come to the conclusion that artistic creation, however essentially intellectual, is synonymous with the production of objects of beauty destined to give pleasure to the eye of the beholder.

What all this amounts to is that Maritain's philosophy leads him necessarily to place art, once a means of

communion but become at last an end in itself, on a plane subordinate to that occupied by what is properly speaking a mystical experience, and to situate the latter so far above the experience that painting, sculpture, and architecture bring us, that there is no further possibility of using them to attain to it.

After having dealt with various fundamentally important concepts in such a way that they are made to seem completely detached from one another, Maritain nevertheless strives hard to demonstrate that knowledge, that is to say science, is intrinsic in what he postulates as a human knowledge of existents and being. Apparently then, the metaphysician, defined as he who attains to the Truth, is to be recognised by his succeeding in this subtle demonstration. It is his task to bring about the re-establishment of contact between the artist, confined to the inferior plane whereon he attains the Beautiful, and the saint who on his own level attains Goodness and is empowered thereby to dominate both planes at once.

It is no doubt on this account that in his most recent work M. Maritain devotes a considerable part of his discourse to the elaboration of a theory of the working of intuition in poetic creation, in terms of 'a kind of musical stir', 'spiritualised emotion' and 'intuitive pulsions'. This theory of intuition (illustrated by the most complicated schematic diagrams) seems to depend entirely on the postulation of a supreme Illuminating Intellect, ruling with equal supremacy over the 'fluid and moving world' of the artist's preconscious mind, and over the fluent and persuasively rational discursiveness of M. Maritain himself. By developing a whole series of secondary and somewhat novel ideas concerning love-prudence, madness-proportion, and music-wisdom, and disposing some considerable charm and finesse in the formulation of knotty problems which he well knows how to unravel in advance, Jacques Maritain succeeds in putting into communication all the various elements of his ideological structure and even our humbly aspiring selves. According to the amount of strength, disinterestedness, and talent that we are able to evince, we are permitted to taste true joy—*gaudium veritate*—in the ranks of the elect.

For the last thirty years or more, Jacques Maritain has been engaged in constructing a splendidly proportioned and symmetrical ideal Crystal Palace based on an architectural scheme derived from the monumental *Summa* of St. Thomas. He interpolates among the texts of the lectures of which his book is composed a vast number of more or less arbitrary quotations and no less gratuitously selected reproductions of paintings and sculptures. There is, too, a series of extracts from more or less well-known writings of every description. By this means, M. Maritain manages to create the impression that the Catholic Church is so great (or so broad) that there is nothing, according to his definition, that her embrace does not include. He pours out scornful anathema against everything that strikes him as failing to conform to his dogmatic, remorselessly excluding from his Neo-Thomist temple all that we might regard as *modern* among the productions of the present time.

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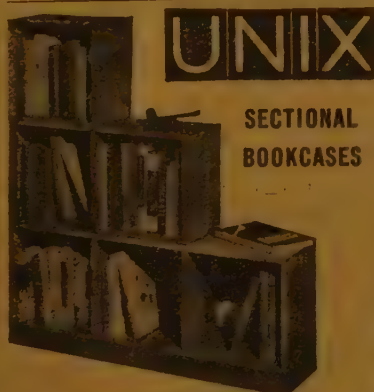
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Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Tickling the Social Conscience

AS AN INSTRUMENT of mass culture, television may be assumed to have a greater responsibility than its journalistic predecessors which accelerated the process after the revolutionary education enactments of eighty years ago. Yet it is following faithfully and perhaps inevitably the formula by which they succeeded, carefully not taxing the individual's power of concentration, dolling up information as entertainment, *vide* the panel games, television's version of the once-popular literary symposium.

In certain present biographical researches I have been interested to discover that while the prototype weeklies of Newnes and Harmsworth were exploiting the snippety tastes of the then new literate public, they were doing rather more than has been acknowledged to encourage the social conscience. Television is trading on much the same tastes. For the column of facts it gives us thirty minutes of 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' or 'Science Review'. For the page of jokes it gives us the anecdotal *compère* of the Variety programmes. Equally, it has not ignored social problems, though too often its handling of them has been as tentative as that of the editors of the aforesaid newspapers. Last week it risked a test of its influence when, in 'Panorama', it came out boldly (in my judgment, not boldly enough, allowing for F. C. Hooper's trenchant verbal style) against the litter nuisance. An appeal was made for a more widespread and decisive use of the litter baskets in the London parks. Maybe by the time these comments are in print we shall know with what result. It will be instructive, especially if we accept the premise that the viewer average is represented by the couple portrayed with genuinely humorous insight by Bob Monkhouse and Irene Handl in 'Fast and Loose'. They perfectly caught the daft congenial unconcern which sends sandwich papers capering down the wind. A camera glimpse of the leavings in the Mall during the rush on Buckingham Palace on Saturday afternoon was ominous.

About the social effects of the rest of the week's programmes it is possible to be somewhat less optimistic. The 'Panorama' study of holiday habits skimmed a subject which is a hardy annual of illustrated journalism and the fact that our pictures moved did not make it more captivatingly topical. Geoffrey Grigson was refreshingly frank about the formal literature of escapism, holiday guidebooks, and such. Sir Compton Mackenzie shunted himself off the main line of discussion into a polemical siding; entertaining but hardly helpful. Having dealt tactfully with that situation, the chairman, Sir Alexander Maxwell, listened patiently all over again to an American complaint about the lack of iced water in England. Lots of us have the same emotion

prompted a few young viewers to look at life in terms of personal prowess. The sleight of foot was remarkable. Put the players in skirts and you would have something delightfully new in ballet. That the game we saw was played strictly according to Cocker, I take leave to doubt. It was too obviously produced, in the showmanship sense. Television laps up this sort of event a little too hungrily; its appetite cannot stop to discriminate.

Here I am stuck, trying to recall from memory other items to comment on, always an unrewarding exercise. One does not have to lead a busy life to realise that television has the impermanence of a flicker-book in much of its activity. Turning for reminders to the printed programmes emphasises the shortage of

ideas and the superficiality of many that are given form and effect. 'Conference at Geneva', with Leonard Miall reporting on that topical scene, was bread-and-butter stuff. 'Sun and Snow', a film about the joys of ski-ing, made beautiful patterns on the screen but hardly suited the Maytime mood. 'Science Review' was the mixture as before, many times before; 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' ditto.

On Friday evening the *soigné* note was introduced into the threadbare general context: 'Cotton on Parade'. I like televised fashion shows. They deal with the realities of existence in a way that few programmes do; no pretence, no guile. The showing off in 'In the News', which followed, was amateurish by comparison and the *soigné* note was distinctly not there.

It hardly needs to be said that the television outside broadcasting department proved fully equal to the tensions and emergencies of the royal return on Saturday. There was a certain commentary weakness until Richard Dumbleby and Berkeley Smith took over. Of the spontaneity of the welcome the cameras left us in no doubt; it was the microphones that did not pick up the full volume of the crowd's appreciation. They were more successful with the ships' vibrant ecstasies.

Intimate shots of the Queen and the Duke showed no sign of fatigue and many signs that it is wonderful to have the opportunity of giving such wholehearted service to an admiring people.

REGINALD POUND



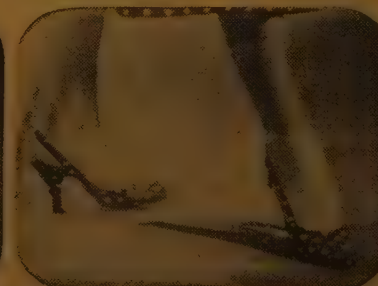
As seen by the viewer: The Queen's return to London: Her Majesty waving from the *Britannia*, and (right) the Royal Barge with her escort



The drive to Buckingham Palace: the crowd round the Victoria Memorial, and (right) Prince Charles and Princess Anne in the coach

about a good cup of tea when we visit America. 'Panorama' also told us what is being done about oil pollution at sea.

There was 'Men Seeking God', instalment three, a sketchily illuminating study of Judaism; there was the royal return; otherwise, factual television last week inspired no caps-off to the programme compilers, who seem to be woefully short of good things. As for social impact, it is conceivable that 'Basketball', bringing on the Harlem Globe Trotters again, may have



'Men Seeking God, 3—Judaism' on May 10: the Senior Jewish Chaplain to H.M. Forces; and (right) the lighting of the candles

'Cotton on Parade' on May 14: models showing cotton fashions, and (right) shoes made of cotton

Photographs: John Cura



Scene from 'The Dancing Bear', part 1, on May 12, with (left to right) Willoughby Goddard as E. Robertson Caldwell, Ingeborg Wells as Helga Froehlich, and Norman Wooland as Captain Peter Trueman

DRAMA

Some Error!

AS IN CORONATION WEEK, the tenant of this column feels pettish. It is my factual documentary colleague who has all the fun; what of the rejoicing for the Queen's return can be counted my province? Well, there was a monster Variety bill, but it all whizzed by in such a way that the only thing I am certain of is that Miss Joan Hammond sang 'Home, sweet home' in time and in tune, which is more than can be said for some of the singing exhibited. Later in the evening I recall being struck (metaphorically) by a highlander with horn-rimmed specs who was dancing a fling in a kilt in an ensemble in a ballroom in a suburb (Tottenham, I believe, and if that is a borough I beg its pardon). I was impressed by the little war whoops he uttered as he jumped. The general scene was patriotic looking rather than beautiful.

But then the week was altogether extraordinary and culminated on the damp Sunday night with, of all curiosities, a musical version of 'The Comedy of Errors'. I found myself at a loss to describe this, thinking of the late Herbert Farjeon and what he had here been spared.

English reactions to opera, and operetta too, are (I deem) largely visual. Certainly views about opera by editors are visual. A visual mishap, and all the world knows. Musical disaster goes unrecorded. For instance, last January the Sadler's Wells tenor, Robert Thomas, in the role of Bizet's Don José so widely split his breeches reaching for Carmen's carnation that the curtain had to be rung down. Next day every newspaper in the country had the story on the front page. Yet when, sometime later at another theatre, Signor XYZ slit his old *tenore robusto* from diaphragm to larynx while reaching for a high B, not a word was said in print, even by me, though I sighed (I remember) rather audibly, at the time.

From such incidents I deduce that looks come before sounds. And probably television viewers are right to prefer a pretty woman singing uglyly to an ugly woman singing prettily. But there ought to be moderation in all things, as the Greeks insisted. As a way of selling Shakespeare to the great Sunday-night public I rather doubted the wisdom of the undertaking—at any rate to begin with—though, to be accurate, the tireless high spirits of the company did finally wear down any resistance at all before the end. And high spirits are to be prized, for themselves alone.

Let us be honest, 'The Comedy of Errors', done with all the pedantry, precision, and lack of musical frills which the austere Eng. Lit. student could demand, has not always raised our spirits very much, has it? In other words, if this kind of thing is to be done to any Shakespeare play, then this comedy which the Bard penned when in his early twenties is an obvious victim. On the other hand, it can hardly be said to have improved it very much. Some Shakespeare plays, 'Othello' and 'The Merry Wives' among them, have been actually bettered in one or two places by operatic treatment. But what deepening and enrichment was there here? On the debit side must also

be considered the wild incongruity of the whole thing which, to make things even stranger, was dressed in the fashions obtaining just after the French Revolution, so that much of it had the fancy unreality of a British film about the Scarlet Pimpernel. This swore with the 'Marry-come-up', 'beshrew-me' and general early Tudor tushery to a quite alarming degree.

Can you then imagine, on top of it all, the blameless kind of tonic-and-dominant rum-titum which the late Ivor Novello used to ice his home-made cakes with? Very odd fare, but not, I suppose, on a long view much odder than the Nigel Playfair 'Beggars' Opera' or Gounod's 'Roméo et Juliette'.

At any rate the producer, Lionel Harris, evidently knew where he was going: the cameras were where he wanted them. The pictures composed effectively in *décor* by James Bould. Eric Robinson was in there, conducting dainty tunes



'The Comedy of Errors' on May 16, with David Peel as Antipholus of Ephesus and James Cairncross as Dromio of Ephesus

by Julian Slade, and many a warbling voice was uplifted with a fair lack of self-consciousness, among them Jane Wenham's, which has pleased us before. Someone ought to revive one of the Yvonne Printemps pieces for her, 'Mariette', perhaps. Joan Plowright also sang nicely. The two Dromios were assumed by the excellent James Cairncross who, however much he looked like an ostler out of Hogarth, adhered manfully to the Cockney-cum-Mummerset accent prescribed for Shakespearean clowns; and the two Antipholuses were shared by David Peel and Paul Hansard, both very sporting and arrayed like *incroyables* or bad illustrations from Kate Greenaway. And so, with still slightly raised eyebrows, to other matters.

Wednesday last was a red-letter day. The beautiful Dvořák concert was finely shown. Thereafter came the start of a new serial, 'Dancing Bear', which, instead of putting us all off (as is the custom), actually made us impatient to see a fresh instalment. And then the comedian Bob Monkhouse showed that it is possible after all to make a home audience laugh, especially to laugh about the new mythology of television. The night before (Tuesday) there were Pinero and W. W. Jacobs curtain raisers, 'The Monkey's Paw' as ever tightening the scalp a little.

These were well done. But perhaps Friday was preferred? For Friday brings The Groves, and Puzzle Corner, including that song and dance resurrection where we have to guess 'Which year?' Earlier in the day there had been a film about 'Feeling of Depression': someone *plans* programmes, evidently. PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Cover Their Faces

WHENEVER I MEET 'The Duchess of Malfi', thunder looms. It is a suffocating, black-velvet night. (Somewhere we have the cheering of a spectral Lamb and the derision of a spectral Shaw.) Skies, lightning-shot, are heavy with menace. Soon, surely, rain must cascade. For me its deluge never arrives: I feel sudden drops only when the Duchess is strangled. Not because of this, but because, just before, she has spoken of her little boy having 'some syrup for his cold', and of the girl 'saying her prayers ere she sleep'. Immediately the executioners have done their work, Bosola orders: 'Some other strangle the children'. All the obsessed Ferdinand can say of this, a few minutes later, is 'The death of young wolves is never to be pitied'. So the children pass. Cover their faces; our eyes dazzle; they died young. Their mother is not wholly dead; soon she will say two words, like Desdemona in the last pangs; then she has gone indeed, and Bosola weeps. But—and it is a personal reaction—after seeing and hearing 'The Duchess' five or six times, nothing now touches me to the quick except the children's end. This, always, is a shock. The other characters are shadows in the night, though their speeches come boldly to the ear.

Sunday's Third Programme cast was properly Websterian, with Peggy Ashcroft's Duchess in gallant resignation—we could mark in the voice that 'face folded in sorrow'—and Paul Scofield's Ferdinand in exciting fury that flared first at 'I have this night digged up a mandrake'. The Bosola (Paul Rogers), unvaried during his early scenes, rose sombrely to the fourth act and to the dirge that is like the rustle of a winding sheet; and he and Mr. Scofield thrust into the heart of the colloquy after murder. Esmé Percy's rotten-ripe Cardinal used a voice that reminded me of Kipling's mock-Chaucerian line, 'knotted like some gall or veiney wen'. Through-

out, Webster's language had play. Donald McWhinnie, who adapted, let us have it in full measure with only occasional cuts. (Did I notice the loss of an 'O misery!' that today might have a ring of Robertson Hare?) There was the usual parade of severed hand, waxen images, masque of madmen: these, devices of the First Gravedigger of the Jacobians, mean little enough now on the stage, and cannot mean anything on the air. One forgets the 'hideous storm of terror' and listens merely to the dramatist's handling of the language. I noticed again, towards the end, the ominous beauty of the Echo scene. Presently, the last bodies lay about in the darkness, thunder faded, starlight glittered, and Godfrey Kenton's healing voice spoke the final lines. Once more, maybe, I had not taken from 'The Duchess', all I should have done—a modern writer has assured us that 'in Webster, as in the best Continental drama, reality is conceived as psychological truth in its all-embracing Existential sense'—but, as ever, I did remember the Duchess' children. Cover their faces; they died young.

It might have been better if Christine, the widow 'In Search of Her Youth' (Light), had destroyed the dance programme she found after her husband's death. It reminded her of partners at her first dance twenty years before. 'I shall love you all my life' they had whispered to her. Would it not have been wise to have let the memories sink, to have covered their faces? Possibly; but Christine went out to find her past. It is the story of 'Un Carnet de Bal'. It is also the core of a radio play (Light) that Lance Sieveking based on the famous film, managing to make a unity of its many episodes, a handful of rosemary and rue. Mary Wimbush's young widow bound the scenes gracefully; and accurate performances by Barbara Couper as a crazed mother and Norman Shelley as a great gobbling turkeycock of a Mayor, will gum the play (Martyn C. Webster's production) strongly in remembrance.

Mr. Shelley was most moving in 'Defeat' (Home) as the lost Athenian general of the expedition to Sicily in 415 B.C. The story of this failure has always haunted the dramatist, Graham Sutton. Similarly, I have wanted to turn over the page, to cover its face. It was a tribute to the direct manner of the telling, based on Thucydides, that I could hardly follow the record of 'Defeat'—produced by Raymond Raikes—to the end of its 'agony beyond measure'. We had lesser military affairs in Dorothy Baker's rendering of Christopher Sykes' 'A Song of a Shirt' (Third). The piece, in spite of its needled incidental satire, seemed to be too long for its substance. A tale of what, at first, I had supposed to be some elaborate Kiplingesque revenge, flickered out; we were left with good comic performances and a sense of strain.

Let us end the week with Honor Tracy's feature on 'Trouble' (Third), a shrewd treatise, Hugh Burden on hand to display the Thing's 'fiendish inventiveness'; and 'The Huggetts' (Light) in which the members of that odd family, plenty of trouble on their hands, stood in and around a police station. They were neither arrested nor (I fear) arresting.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Living and Learning

'We live and learn' is an old saying which, since the invention of radio, has taken on a formidable meaning, more particularly for the radio critic. In search of his prey he submits himself to a bombardment of information much of which, in the quiet old days, would never have come his way. If it all stuck he would have become, long since, a mere walking Whitaker, a

person without a personality. But luckily for him his memory is highly selective: it retains only what he likes. Accordingly I remember little and shall soon remember nothing of what Ronald Butt told me about margarine in his interesting talk, under the heading 'Industry Today', called 'Butter v. Margarine'. Butter, as he reminded us, is a natural, margarine a synthetic, product, and for many people 'synthetic' is a word of reproach. But my objection to margarine is much simpler than that: I don't like the taste of it. However, I gather from Mr. Butt that, with freedom from rationing and all it entailed, margarine will improve in quality and flavour. I welcome the news and when the day arrives on which margarine becomes more delicious than the best butter, I shall take to it as a duck to water, synthetic though it be.

Over now to Gibraltar, whose connection with margarine may not be apparent. Colin Wills visited it recently and in 'Portrait of Gibraltar' he gave us his impressions of what he saw and heard there, and a brief sketch of its chequered history under Moorish, Spanish, and British rule. He included various recordings made on the spot. It was a colourful portrait, well executed and full of effective detail, and I can vouch for its being in both senses a speaking likeness. I could have dispensed with the recording of the noise made by a flock of small Gibraltarians playing marbles which was no different from that made by small Cockneys, Chinese, Esquimaux, Hottentots, and all the other kinds of tots—the noise, in fact, of a flock of outsize sparrows, that contributed colour which was anything but local to their corner of the portrait. The 'broadcast left me with the illusion that I had visited Gibraltar for the third time, a sufficient testimony to its success.

In a Light Programme broadcast two evenings later, I was in surroundings which were, and I hope will remain, unfamiliar to me, to wit the depths of the Caribbean Sea. It was the sixth and last programme of the series 'Danger is Our Business', and its title was 'Under the Deep Sea'. Here Dr. Hans Hass and his wife, with a temerity which I find it impossible to share even in imagination, swam about far below the surface, taking snapshots of creatures the mere description of which froze my blood. Whales, sharks, mantas, and giant rays were intrepidly faced and photographed. Their adventures were described by Edward Ward, and Dr. Hass and his wife themselves contributed much to his narrative. The Doctor's description of the astounding colours of the submarine scene might almost have induced me to share his explorations if only he had kept quiet about the fauna. If, in some happily impossible event, I was compelled to choose between climbing, or trying to climb, Everest and accompanying Dr. and Mrs. Hass overboard, my unhesitating choice would be 'Everest, every time'!

In 'Between the Wars', Wickham Steed is giving a new series of his reminiscences, covering the period 1918 to 1939. An occasional question from Steven Watson sets him off and for half an hour he conducts us behind the scenes, throwing some surprising and fascinating sidelights on the history of a period in which he himself took an active part. Mr. Steed is an excellent talker with a richly stored memory and his recollections are of extraordinary interest.

We were given a narrower view of history by Ivor Powell in an after-breakfast talk called 'Visiting Uncle Edward'. After carefully adjusting the focus of his microscope he invited us to examine life in the well-to-do Edwardian home of his Uncle Edward and Aunt Nell to which he paid a pleasant but rather awe-inspiring visit in the year 1906. The drastically changed social conditions in which we live today make it difficult for us to take upper-middle-class Edwardian society quite as seriously as it took itself and in

this talk Mr. Powell treated his relatives with a humour which they would have been far from appreciating, but he also paid sympathetic tribute to their good qualities. It was a skilful picture in which a selection of small but infallibly typical details defined the way of life and habits of thought to a nicety.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

A Royal Welcome

IT IS COMMON FORM to deride 'official art' in all its forms; the self-styled 'Statesmen' and This-Little-Englanders delight to sneer at its manifestations. But, though Poets Laureate have sometimes lapsed into banality, and painters of state portraits have often failed to translate the facts before them into a work of art, composers have, on the whole, generally succeeded in producing occasional music which is not, as the young say, 'shame-making'. True, we do not often hear any of Purcell's 'Welcome Songs' and 'Birthday Odes', for all that they contain many charming songs, e.g., 'These had by their ill-usage drove', which is quoted by Professor Westrup in his study of Purcell. But that is because they are occasional works and, like Purcell's so-called 'operas', conform to a convention that is long outworn. The courtiers of the Stuart monarchs thought it appropriate to compare James II with Jove and even indulged in the near-blasphemy of saluting Charles on his return from Newmarket with a grotesque stanza beginning:

Welcome, more welcome does he come
Than life to Lazarus in the tomb,
When in his winding-sheet at his new birth
The strange surprising word was said—Come forth!

We nowadays regard our royal family as human beings and shrink from flattery to the extent even of avoiding compliment. But such restraints need not inhibit the expression of joy at our Queen's return home or of gratitude for happy fulfilment of an arduous task. These thoughts were aptly expressed in the poem written by C. Day Lewis and set to music by Sir Arthur Bliss for performance as part of last Saturday's celebrations. In a sense they had an easier task than the Caroline poets and musicians; for they had something more important to write about than a coach-drive from the Cambridge-shire race-course. The result is a 'Welcome Song' which is both joyful and serious. Poet and composer strike the right note in saluting youthful accomplishment, even though they proved unhappily to be bad weather prophets.

As a composition the 'Song' is shapely and the solos for soprano and baritone with accompanying chorus of men and women provides variety and a lyrical core to the work. At a first hearing I felt that this part of the 'Song' might with advantage be developed at greater length. It gave an impression of slightness. The material is excellent, joyous, and exciting at opening and close, and with admirable melodies, easy on the ear yet never trite. Not content with the performance of this 'humble duty', the new Master of the Queen's Music also provided a March for military band, which was played for the first time in a broadcast earlier in the day—a March at once stately and gracious, culminating in a broad and memorable tune set off by brilliant fanfares. This music was certainly not unworthy of the happy occasion, and the 'Song of Welcome' held up its head in the company of pieces from Handel's 'Water Music' and Arne's 'Rule Britannia' presented in its brilliant original form by Sir Malcolm Sargent by way of showing up the ghastly travesty of it performed an hour earlier in the same 'gala' programme.

The week brought us the revival of Marschner's

'Der Vampyr', rather incongruously sung in Italian. Despite its grotesque libretto, which would be revolting if one took it at all seriously, this is a more considerable work than Lortzing's 'Undine', another in the series of German romantic operas which the Third Programme has enterprisingly presented during the past weeks. Composed two years after Weber's death, it owes a great deal to his example and also occasionally to Mozart. But the music has a flavour of its own and considerable dramatic power where that quality is required. The more lyrical passages were apt to fall into common-places. The performance lacked full-bloodedness, especially in the speaking parts. The chief warlock allotting his horrible task to the Black Ruthven might have been commending the best

boy in the class at a prize-giving. The singing was generally good and, in the case of Malvina (Ester Orell) first-rate. I regretted the omission of the *melodrama* in which the wounded Ruthven, moved into the moonlight, magically recovers his strength. I suppose the Italians thought that an unaccompanied dialogue would be more helpful to their audience; but that didn't help us. I hope we may some day have a performance of Marschner's more mature and imaginative 'Hans Heiling', which Oxford successfully staged last year.

Other notable events were the opening concert of a series which commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of Dvořák's death and a concert devoted to music for three or more harpsichords with orchestra which was conducted by Boris

Ord. From what I read of it in the papers, this last concert was a success in the Festival Hall, but at home I found it difficult to unscramble the tangled twanglings which issued from the loud-speaker. In the programme was a set of Variations on a theme of Mozart for four harpsichords by George Malcolm, one of the four soloists, which adhered to the eighteenth-century style and idiom. The Dvořák programme was admirably chosen—the brilliant 'Carneval' Overture, the Violoncello Concerto and the Symphony in D minor—and well played under Sir Malcolm Sargent's direction by the B.B.C. Orchestra with Pierre Fournier as the soloist, who gave an elegant if rather light-toned performance in the concerto.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Purcell and the Trio Sonata

By BASIL LAM

Trio Sonatas by Purcell will be broadcast at 6.20 p.m. on Monday, May 24, 6.0 p.m. on May 25, 10.45 p.m. on May 27, and 6.0 p.m. on May 28 (all Third)

TO be a mediocre poet, said Horace, wins favour from neither gods nor men nor booksellers. Celestial opinions may only be surmised, but his dictum certainly does not apply in the modern world to those minor 'baroque' composers, whose agreeable works, as well made and soulless as an eighteenth-century chair or cabinet, fill to an increasing extent our concert-halls and music-shops.

In this atmosphere of comprehensive enthusiasm for 'period' music there is a danger that great and profound art will be passed over as indistinguishable from the mass of solos and sonatas which, according to Tom Moore, gave Sir Walter Scott the spleen. Our search for the past (the obsession of those who fear they may have no future) leads us to attempt the revival of the irrevocably dead; almost anything in the early eighteenth-century style gains a hearing, generally in a performance as remote as could be from the conventions of the period.

It is significant that the seventeenth century attracts far less attention; it was an age too like our own to provide the consolations of escape, for composers, then as now, were striving to construct a consistent language of harmony and counterpoint out of a mass of resources embarrassingly rich and varied. So, just as the splendid audacities of Milton, the subtle introspection of Donne and Herbert gave way to the more urbane and regular art of Pope, the unsystematic expressionist harmony of the mid-seventeenth-century composers was tamed in the exquisitely civilised art of Corelli who, like Pope's dean, 'never mentioned hell to ears polite'.

Between these two worlds stands Purcell, no less gifted in technique and imagination than the giants Bach and Handel, but frustrated in most of his larger works by the demands of a society typical of post-revolutionary periods. In his 'official' music and songs the child of his age, Purcell had also deep affinities with his predecessors, the wayward and eloquent William Lawes, and that neglected but profound master John Jenkins. His adherence to the advanced Italian school was in some respects a denial of his deepest creative impulses and he was never more thoroughly Purcellian than in the trio sonatas which were advertised as being founded on the best Italian models.

It is strange, therefore, that we should have neglected what are surely the finest instrumental works of their period: the three- and four-part fantasias and the twenty-two sonatas. The fantasias, written during a brief period in 1680, are

no less wonderful examples of youthful maturity than may be found in Mozart or Schubert. They are the last of their kind and that Purcell should have begun his career as an instrumental composer by reviving a typically English form, is further evidence that his heart was in the old native school and that he adopted Italian or French ways to be in the fashion. The superb fantasia in G minor (No. 4) begins with a near-quotation of Dowland's famous *Lacrymae* motive and in the fugal treatment of this subject the notorious English false relation so often indefensible on any but theoretical grounds becomes an expressive device in the manner of Weelkes ('O care' and 'Cease sorrows now'); the result is as melancholy as Dowland himself in the 'Forlorn hope' for lute.

Charles II's dislike of the fantasia is well known and we may assume that Purcell turned to the sonata for two violins and bass to meet the prevailing fashion; it is perhaps significant that in the year when he produced the twelve 'Sonatas of three parts', 1683, he began but abandoned another four-part fantasia. The preface to the sonatas does in fact say that the composer was following the best Italian models. A mellifluous sweetness is the most obvious characteristic of the seventeenth-century Italian trios and even when chromaticism appears, it is handled with discretion, the harmonic result being almost invariably a series of plain concords, a method at least as old as Marenzio. Dissonance is limited to a few suspensions and the bass line rarely departs from the necessary patterns of tonal harmony. From the view-point of history we can see that the clarifying of harmonic procedure was an essential stage in the development of a classical language, but Purcell's unmatched vigour and richness were the happy outcome of the usual backwardness of English music. Bach must have seemed old-fashioned in comparison with Telemann.

Whereas Purcell in his larger efforts, e.g., in choral music or opera, was frustrated by his historical position, the same circumstances enabled him to produce in the field of chamber music works never surpassed in the whole vast literature of the trio sonata. The view expressed by North that he died while 'in warm pursuit' of the Italian style, cannot be substantiated by an examination of the two sets of sonatas. The advance shown by the second set as a whole is in the development of a personal style and the 1683 sonatas show more, not less, of the Italian influence. The especial celebrity of the so-called 'Golden Sonata', by far the most Italianate of

the ten, shows that public taste found the other and greater works in the collection still 'too much clogged with an English vein'.

In these noble compositions Purcell is not of an age, but a timeless classic and the measuring of this or that influence is a mere parlour-game for musicologists. The fantasias of 1680 had already shown him possessed of a Bach-like mastery of contrapuntal device and the ten sonatas are no less a classic than the '48' and would be recognised as such if their performance were not impeded by difficulties of resources and style. In the canzonas, for example, may be found a seventeenth-century 'Art of Fugue'. The canzona of the second sonata combines its theme *recta* and *inversa* with unobtrusive skill; that of the eighth sonata is a kind of double fugue packed with imitations of both its subjects, yet evoking a mood reminiscent of the unknown masterpieces of Jenkins. Such feats are far beyond the intellectual grasp of Corelli, though no one would deny the Italian composer's euphony and grace.

Perhaps the crown of the work is the chaconne which constitutes the whole of the sixth sonata. Here we have one of the supreme achievements of instrumental music, rivalled only by Bach's work for violin solo, and unique in its period for the architectural mastery which pervades the forty-four repetitions of the five-bar ground, so that the tragic opening leads through a variety of moods, some heroic, some pathetic, to the most bitter of Purcell's chromatic climaxes followed by a coda of Mozartian depth and beauty. It is inexplicable that this wonderful composition should be so little known.

In their general style these are church sonatas and contain no dance movements though No. 7 has a finale in Purcell's 'King Arthur' vein and several of the largos, if taken at the composer's tempo (i.e., *moderato* or *allegretto*) have something of the galliard in their rhythm. Purcell's fondness for a solemn or pathetic ending (sonatas 1, 3, 5, and 7) is a link with the old fantasia, but his use of the convention is curiously personal and emphasises the emotional tension which, never far away in these works, reaches a climax of eloquence in the persistently chromatic opening of the fourth sonata.

With their combination of variety in form, depth of feeling, and technical mastery, Purcell's trio sonatas are, in the chamber music of the whole period, the equivalent of Mozart's quartets and quintets in a later age, and are no less worthy of the reverence due to the permanent classics of music.



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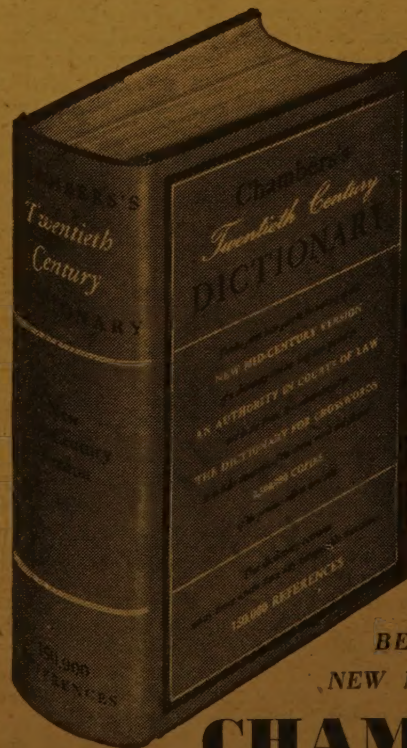
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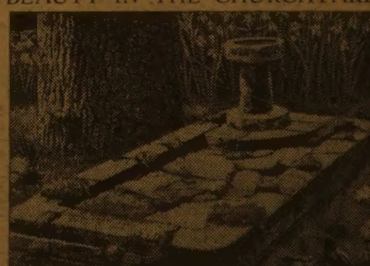
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